Your skin is continually being rebuilt

Every day, in washing you rub off dead skin.

As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity—make this new skin just what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently until the skin is softened and the pores open. After this, rinse in warm, then in very cold water. Whenever possible, rub your skin for a few minutes with a *lump of ice.*

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.* Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and start this treatment tonight.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept. 101T Perth, Ontario*

Have you tried our

Fibreware Squab Breeding Nests

made of wood-pulp, durable and sanitary because they can be kept so clean so easily.

If you are not using them it will be to your interest to write us for particulars.

Keep the Pigeons Free from Vermin by using EDDY'S Sanitary Wood-Pulp Nests

Made only at Hull, Canada, by
The E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XV. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd,, Winnipeg, Canada. **No. 9.**

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A Chat with Our Readers

The loyalty of our readers is a most convincing proof that The Western Home Monthly carries into the homes of its subscribers a personalty that is not usually found in magazines. Every mail brings us letters of appreciation from readers in all walks of life. Our contributors receive messages of encouragement, appeals for personal advice, heart confessions and inquiries concerning advertisements—all written in such real sincerity that we marvel at the confidence our magazine has established—and feel a deep sense of responsibility toward our readers. When one examines our pages the reason for this rare trust from our readers is easily understood. Our reading matter touches the heart of home life, because it is written by men and women who are home-makers. The honest efforts of these contributors ring with messages that must comfort and encourage every reader, since after each issue our mails are heavy with a most praiseworthy correspondence.

We believe it is our duty to put our work on a firm basis, and thus offer our readers definite practical service.

Our advertisements are solicited with one idea in mind—that they fill a need in the Western home. As The Western Home Monthly is the only complete home magazine published in Western Canada it is the only publication that carries advertisements complete in home necessities. An isolated home will be no longer isolated if The Western Home Monthly is a regular visitor. Its pages alive with world's events, reviews, practical talks and literary productions, furnish ample material for self education. A dollar invested in a year's subscription is the best investment possible, for the returns can never be estimated in their far reaching results. If every subscriber would plan to present a year's subscription to one friend, it would be the means of providing thousands of homes with unequalled inspiration, because, judging from our letters of appreciation, The Western Home Monthly is a character-building magazine—it is a powerful factor in the development of patriotism and purity in the young people of Western Canada.

In the impressionable period of life true living and real achieving are possible only from right reading and "right reading" matter is the aim of our publication. We work along high ideals, having a direct aim, and concentrate all efforts to meet the wants of our subscribers, and the splendid support of our readers is a well-earned reward. The needs in the home, materially, physically and morally, are vital needs, and The Western Home Monthly co-operates with men and women—boys and girls—in creating ideal home atmosphere.

This kind appreciation is from a lady who occupies a foremost place among Western Canadian writers:

To the Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir:—You have so many letters of appreciation from readers, I feel I must add my share also, speaking chiefly as a contributor however. It is nothing new to say that your magazine is the best for the price in Canada. I subscribe to them all, and have contributed to them all. Your articles and stories are clever, snappy, clean and wholesome, and always up to date. This cannot be said of some of the stuff that appears in Eastern Canadian publications. I particularly enjoy the contributions of Mr. Dale, Mr. Batten and "Max McD." History was always my favorite subject in my school days, and "Max McD's" splendid articles about the Northwest in early days are always the first which are read in our home.

You seem to take such a real personal interest in all of your regular contributors. I assure you we appreciate it. I write for half a dozen of the American magazines, but not often do they take the trouble to slip in a kind word along with their cheque at the end of the month, as The Western Home Monthly does.

Best wishes for your continued prosperity. The Western Home Monthly is increasing tremendously in popular favor, if we are to believe what we hear of it out here on the prairies. E. G. B.

Melville, Sask.

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Review of Current Events..... The Philosopher
The Young Man and His Problem... Dr. J. L. Gordon
The Young Woman and Her Problem Mrs. P. R. Hamilton
Womans Quiet Hour..... Miss E. Cora Hind
Other Regular Departments Include: Household Suggestions, The Farm, Poultry Chat, Embroidery, Sunday Reading, Patterns and Fashions, Correspondence, etc.

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In Your Own Home

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lessons comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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Don't say you cannot learn music but send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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You need not shake this bottle

H.P. SAUCE

is so perfectly blended—there is no sediment—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

Woman and the Home

Love Lightens Labor

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to make, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens knew what good wives know,
They would not hurry to wed!"

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
As his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and, stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"it was this, that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day;
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea.
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.
"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled;
To herself she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It isn't strange that maidens will wed!"

What Home Economics Mean

A large amount of money is spent yearly in order to place farming on a scientific basis. No one questions the wisdom of such expenditure. Thoughtful persons are realizing also the necessity of spending money in teaching women the science of homemaking, in order to increase human efficiency. They are realizing the importance of woman's work and the desirability of standardizing it so that her time and effort may be used economically.

Agriculture is the science, or the meeting point of many sciences, treating directly and indirectly of animal welfare. Home economics is also the meeting-point of many sciences, often identical with those of agriculture, but it applies their principles to the more important phases of human welfare. It includes a study of foods, their selection, and their preparation; the relation that right diet bears to the health of the body and to the development and efficiency of the individual; conditions of living necessary to insure health and efficiency; intelligent use of income in procuring food, shelter, and clothing; principles of art as applied to decoration of house and of person; social and industrial forces that govern the home and its activities; the child, and conditions that control its inheritance and environment.

Men are interested in the production of raw material; women, in the use of that material. Farmers strive to produce good wheat, corn, and other farm products; women must endeavor to use these products aright. A balance in products is not being maintained if men are educated so as to obtain the best products while women remain ignorant of the principles underlying their use.

There are excellent cooks, it is true, who have never studied chemistry and who know nothing of the physiological needs of the body; but, important as is good cooking to the welfare and happiness of the family, it is only one phase of woman's important work. Women should know the use and the place of foods in the dietary; the comparative value of a food element as it occurs in one food or another; the relation of cooking to digestion; the dietary needs of man, woman, and child; the principles of bread-making, meat and vegetable cooking, canning and preserving. In other words, women should know not only how to cook and what to cook, but also what to omit from the dietary.

A woman needs to know the relation of germ life to disease, of cleanliness to health and well-being; the physiological needs of the body for fresh air, clean water, wholesome food, sunshine, exercise, and rest: the management of the income in the buying of food, shelter, and clothing; the principles of art as they apply to the artistic arrangement of furnishings and wearing apparel; the characteristics and values of fabrics, and how to distinguish those goods that are genuine from those that are not; the relation of consumer to producer and of employer to employee; the needs of the house as a workshop wherein the time and energy of the worker have a market value; the maintenance of proper standards of living as indicated by wise expenditures.

With the prospect of obtaining scientific training in agriculture the boy may attend an agricultural college; and in like manner opportunity for special training in home-making should be the privilege of every girl. If boys in the family were trained for the work of life and girls continued without educational stimulus, a new social problem would soon be presented. In the resulting civilization the majority of men would understand the handling of machines, business management, and the culture and breeding of plants and animals; while the women would not understand the scientific management of the home or the principles of human nurture and breeding. A study of social and biological sciences with emphasis on the needs of the human being will undoubtedly help to make a better and more efficient race, and will serve to complement the endeavors of those who are perfecting the raw materials.

It is often asked, "Why should home economics (domestic science) be taught in the schools? Why should not the daughter learn from her mother what she needs to know about housekeeping?" The answer to such a question is the same as the answer to a similar question: "Why cannot the farmer give his son all the instruction that he needs in order to make him a good farmer?" Agriculture and home economics embrace subjects founded on science. The mother can teach her daughter to cook, but she may not be able to teach her how she can plan a balanced meal; why the fruit spoils, or the bread does not rise; why the baby of five months should not eat bananas; why last winter's green dress has turned yellow; why she dislikes the new wall paper; how she can design an artistic, inexpensive dress, or rightly furnish and decorate a room. As the young person studies grammar, arithmetic, and history at school, so should she study also the subjects of home economics, because they are founded on a scientific basis and demand definite and systematic study.

Many mothers have a thorough knowledge of grammar and arithmetic and still prefer for their daughters the organized instruction of the schoolroom. Mothers may likewise have a thorough knowledge of home economics and, if possible, should teach their daughters to cook and to sew; yet they may appreciate the advantage of obtaining such education in a well-organized institution.

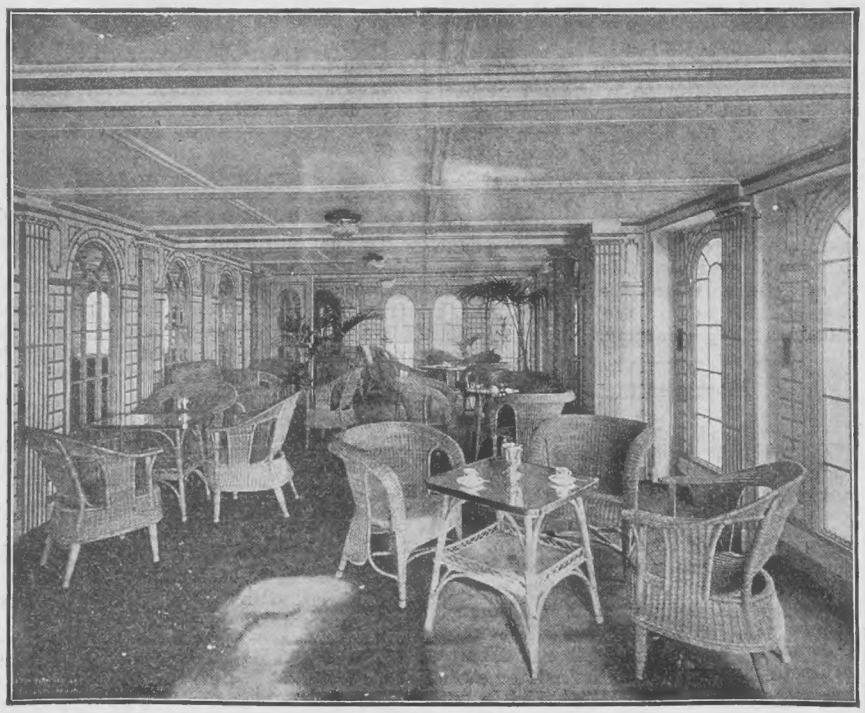
Home economics should find its way into the curriculum of every school, because the scientific study of a problem pertaining to food, shelter, or clothing—whether the baking of a loaf of bread, the washing of dishes, the planning of a more convenient kitchen, or the making of a well-fitting kitchen apron—raises manual labor that might be drudgery to the plane of intelligent effort that is always self-respecting.

Young persons often dislike a task exceedingly because they see no reason for it and have not learned the rhythm of the homely duty. It represents distressing monotony to them. When they are given a reason for its performance and are shown its rhythm, they find pleasure in the task once so distasteful. By right training, therefore, the tasks of the household may be lifted to a place of dignified effort.

Not long ago a woman was seated at a luncheon prepared by a class in home economics. She had been graduated from a normal school, had received a college degree, had taught for several years, and finally had given up her professional work in order to be married. As she sat at the table and saw the ease and simplicity of the service and the interest of the young women assisting, she said very wistfully, "Oh! I wish I knew how to keep house; but you see I have never had time to learn, for I have been in school all my life." That young woman is one of many who make the same complaint. It is a travesty on our system of education for women to stand thus helpless before the task of home-making, which sooner or later the majority of them will assume.

The wealth of a nation is said to be its life, and life begins in the home. Women are the mothers of the race and the entire subject of home economics centers around the child. Life means not merely thought for the material comforts of to-day, not transient happiness for the individual, but intelligent consideration of posterity, of the happiness and welfare of children.

How will the human race be affected if the mothers are left untrained?—From "The Cornell Reading Course."



Verandah Cafe, "Empress of Asia," C.P.R. Pacific Service

The Favorite Ages Of Women

It may seem strange that women have preferences for particular ages. An inspection of the census, however, leaves no room for doubt that certain years are preferred, and certain other years disliked, by the members of the gentler sex. Here are some interesting figures:

The number of females in the United States is nearly two millions less than the number of males.

Of children fourteen years and under, the number of boys is nearly four hundred thousand greater than the number of girls; at fifteen the boys are still six thousand ahead of the girls; at sixteen th girls are six thousand the more numerous; and each year thereafter, until the twenty-fourth, there is an excess of women over men. The favorite ages within these limits are eighteen and twenty. There are twenty-four thousand more misses of eighteen than there are boys of that age, and the young ladies twenty years old exceed their masculine companions by fifty-four thousand. The total number of girls and young women between fifteen and twenty-four years of age exceeds the number of boys and men of the same age by nearly eighty thousand. At twenty-four and twenty-five the numbers of the two sexes are nearly equal. Then the women begin to grow less with great rapidity. The most unpopular ages are thirty and forty. At the former age there is a difference of seventy-eight thousand between the two sexes; at the latter, eighty-three thousand.

One peculiar circumstance is that there are more women twenty years old than there are girls of thirteen or fourteen, or any age up to twenty. This fact conclusively demonstrates that twenty is a very healthful age. But if the younger ages are unhealthy where did the increased number who are twenty years old come from? No women are born that old. Does immigration account for the difference? However that may be, the excess does not seem to be permanent, for from twenty-five onward there is a constant failure of the women to equal the men, until the sixtieth year is reached, when the difference is reduced to three thousand. At seventy the women are more in number, and at seventy-five they again take the lead and keep it every year thenceforth until the centenarians end the list.

Only an unusually elastic theory can account for these peculiarities with becoming gallantry to the lovelier sex.

To avoid the necessity of laundering an otherwise perfectly clean tablecloth because of the accidental fruit stain: Carefully slip a folded towel between cloth and table padding, and on this towel place an empty bowl, having the stain directly over the bowl. Pour boiling water through the stain until it fades away. Now remove the bowl, lay another towel over the wet place and iron with a hot iron until nearly dry. Carefully slip out the under towel and pass the iron again over the cloth for a few times. Your cloth will be as fresh as ever, without having been wrinkled or removed from the table.

My small son outgrows his suits so quickly that I have to put deep tucks under the hems of his waists. I have learned to do this with very fine thread—I use ninety—because when it is necessary to let out the tuck a quick pull will break the thread without injuring the cloth. It is much quicker to take out such a tuck than it is one put in with heavier thread, in which case the threads must be drawn as they cannot be broken.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

No Change in Price of Blue Ribbon Tea

THE BLUE RIBBON TEA CO. has pleasure in announcing that it does not propose to take advantage of the advance in the price of Tea. This company is in a position to supply all the Tea and Coffee required in Western Canada, and will sell at old prices indefinitely.

G. F. & J. GALT

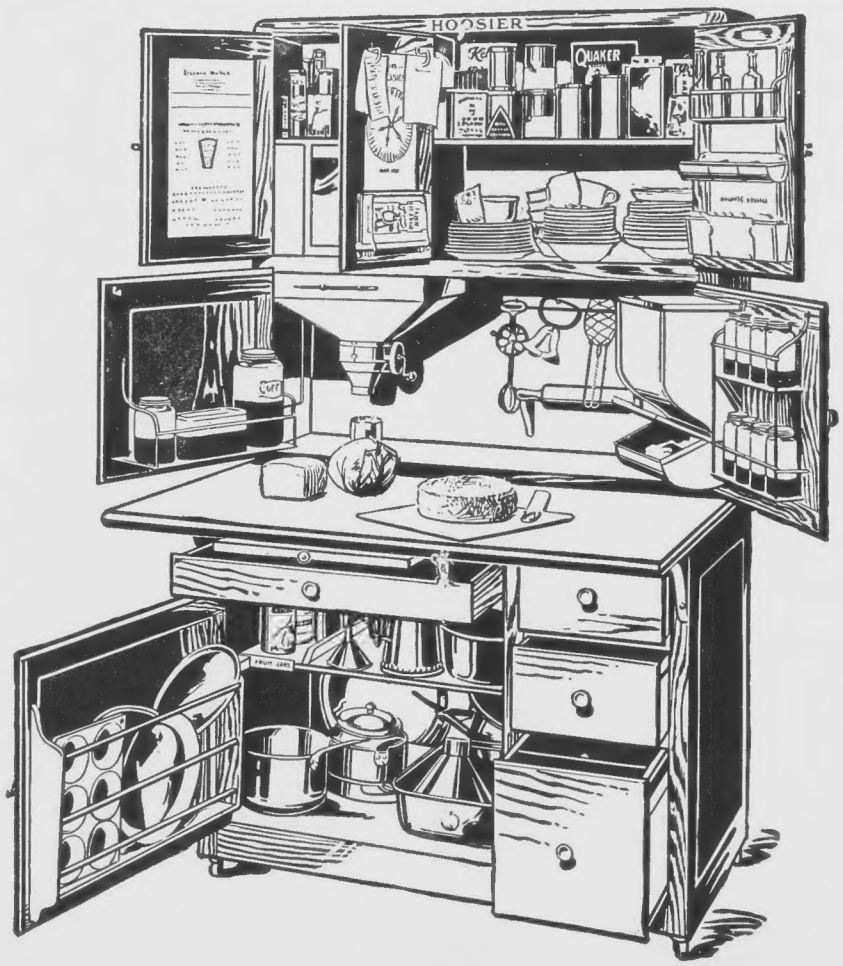
Winnipeg

SENSATIONAL VALUE

The Enormous Success of the New Hoosier Cabinet enables us to announce the greatest achievement in our history.

Freight Prepaid

We will send to you this new Hoosier with sliding metal table top, and many of the new improvements which characterize the 1914 patterns, at a price lower than that for which common cupboard cabinets are sold.



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is sold on the following terms: $5.00 Cash—Balance $5.00 per month.

No Interest — No Extra Price —We Pay the Freight.

The low cash price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.

Your money back if you are not delighted with your Hoosier.

Every Hoosier Cabinet is built of carefully selected and seasoned oak which guarantees lasting service.

Our New Domestic Service Book, "You and Your Kitchen," is yours for the asking. Send for it now. You do not obligate yourself by accepting.

You will be lucky if you get this New Hoosier in your kitchen.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.

287 DONALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN. BOX 1604

Branches: Regina, Sask. Calgary, Alta. Edmonton, Alta. Vancouver, B.C.

We Prepay All Charges

On Goods Selected From Our Catalogue

THIS is a clean cut business announcement that anyone can understand. It means that every price quoted in our catalogue is the cost of the article, with all charges prepaid, delivered free to your nearest Express or Post Office. It means that when you order any goods from our catalogue you know just exactly what they are going to cost you even before you order. It permits of absolutely no deception and, in our opinion, is the only fair way to deal with out-of-town customers.

Furthermore, you can compare values. And that is just what we want—because we know that our values are positively the best offered by any catalogue house in Canada.

The reason that we are able to offer the very remarkable values contained in our catalogue, is that we do business in an economical manner.

Low rental, low insurance rate, low taxes and a private railway siding help; but the greatest saving we make is in our simplified method of handling orders received by mail.

WE GIVE SPLENDID SERVICE

Not only has our simplified method greatly reduced the cost of doing business, but it has also greatly reduced the time required to fill orders. In almost every case we ship all goods on the same day that the order is received. Usually where there are delays, the delays are due to getting for our customers goods that we do not catalogue. We are quite sure, however, that our mail order friends will overlook delays of this kind.

Furthermore, our simplified methods prevent many of the annoying mistakes that occur in Mail Order houses that do business in the old fashioned way. As a matter of fact, we have yet to hear of a single instance where one of our customers got the wrong goods.

Then, being a purely catalogue house, we devote our entire attention to the needs of out-of-town customers who send us orders.

HERE IS A STRIKING VALUE

From cover to cover our catalogue is filled with wonderful values. We select this one merely to show what may be expected in this very interesting little book of ours.

Then again, this is the season of the year when women buy suits.

This suit, though exceptionally low priced, has a very stylish appearance. It is made of fine quality cheviot. The tailoring and finish is equal in every respect to that found on higher priced garments. The notch collar of the coat and the back are trimmed with braid ornaments. The coat is lined with a fine quality silk serge that will give splendid wear. The arm holes are protected with shields. The skirt has the popular Russian Tunic effect with box pleat in front.

1 W 34—Women's fine quality cheviot suit, colors, Black or Navy. Bust size 32 to 44; Waist sizes, 23 to 30; lengths, 37 to 42.
(In ordering be sure to state size and color.)

Price, delivered to your nearest Express or Post Office..... **$10.95**

If you have not already had a copy of our Fall and Winter catalogue, drop us a card and we will send you one by return mail.

CHRISTIE GRANT CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG
CANADA

AT YOUR SERVICE

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1914 WINNIPEG, CANADA

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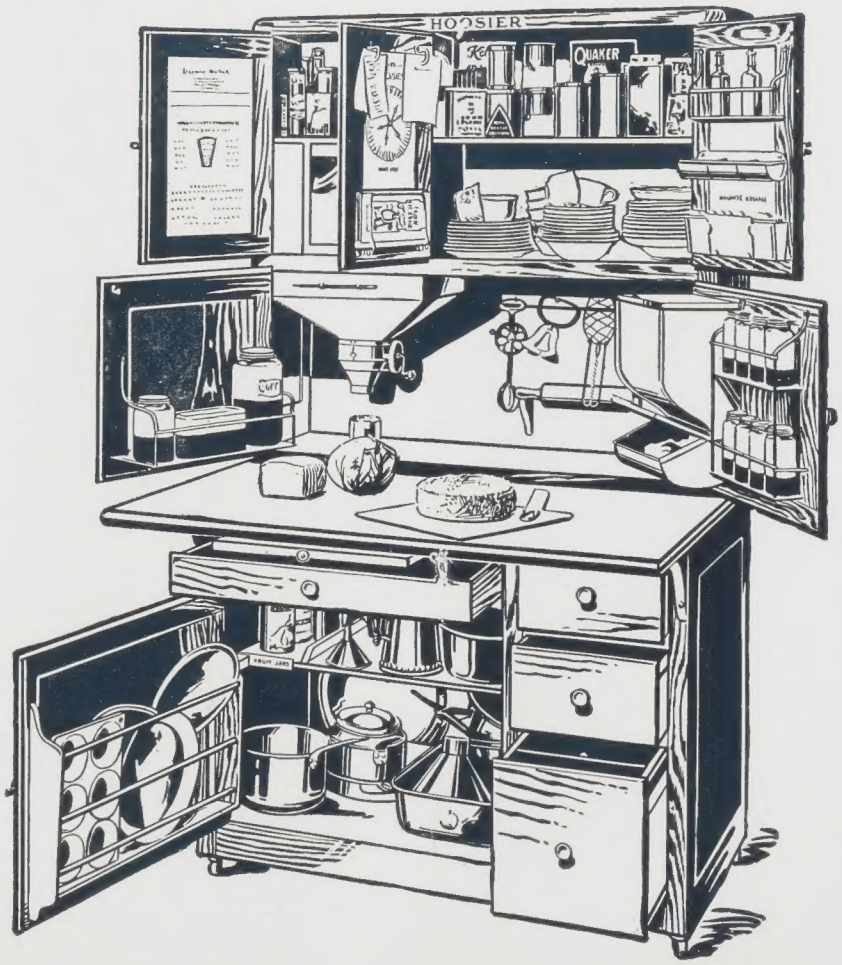

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Our advertisements are solicited with one idea in mind—that they fill a need in the Western home. As The Western Home Monthly is the only complete home magazine published in Western Canada it is the only publication that carries advertisements complete in home necessities. An isolated home will be no longer isolated if The Western Home Monthly is a regular visitor. Its pages alive with world's events, reviews, practical talks and literary productions, furnish ample material for self education. A dollar invested in a year's subscription is the best investment possible, for the returns can never be estimated in their far reaching results. If every subscriber would plan to present a year's subscription to one friend, it would be the means of providing thousands of homes with unequalled inspiration, because, judging from our letters of appreciation, The Western Home Monthly is a character-building magazine—it is a powerful factor in the development of patriotism and purity in the young people of Western Canada.

In the impressionable period of life true living and real achieving are possible only from right reading and "right reading" matter is the aim of our publication. We work along high ideals, having a direct aim, and concentrate all efforts to meet the wants of our subscribers, and the splendid support of our readers is a well-earned reward. The needs in the home, materially, physically and morally, are vital needs, and The Western Home Monthly co-operates with men and women—boys and girls—in creating ideal home atmosphere.

This kind appreciation is from a lady who occupies a foremost place among Western Canadian writers:

To the Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Sir:—You have so many letters of appreciation from readers, I feel I must add my share also, speaking chiefly as a contributor however. It is nothing new to say that your magazine is the best for the price in Canada. I subscribe to them all, and have contributed to them all. Your articles and stories are clever, snappy, clean and wholesome, and always up to date. This cannot be said of some of the stuff that appears in Eastern Canadian publications. I particularly enjoy the contributions of Mr. Dale, Mr. Batten and "Max McD." History was always my favorite subject in my school days, and "Max McD's" splendid articles about the Northwest in early days are always the first which are read in our home.

You seem to take such a real personal interest in all of your regular contributors. I assure you we appreciate it. I write for half a dozen of the American magazines, but not often do they take the trouble to slip in a kind word along with their cheque at the end of the month, as The Western Home Monthly does.

Best wishes for your continued prosperity. The Western Home Monthly is increasing tremendously in popular favor, if we are to believe what we hear of it out here on the prairies.

E. G. B.

Melville, Sask.

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Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.

Don't say you cannot learn music but send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

Household Suggestions

The Preserving of Berries

By Bertha E. Shapleigh

Let us first consider just what dangers must be overcome before it is certain that fruit put into cans or jars will "keep" for an indefinite period. The germs which are in the food, or on the utensils, must be destroyed, and every precaution must be taken to prevent other germs at any future time from entering the jars containing the fruit. The air is full of organisms which, under favorable conditions, grow and produce unpleasant flavors and odors, so when the statement is made that air must be excluded in order that the contents of a jar may not "spoil," it is not the oxygen, as was formerly thought, which causes the trouble, but the bacteria and yeasts which are in the air.

The old-fashioned way of preserving was to put the fruit in a very heavy syrup, a pound of fruit and a pound of sugar. This method successfully keeps bacteria from entering, but is expensive, takes away much of the fresh flavor of the fruit, and fruit treated in that way is not always so digestible as it should be.

If it were possible during the season of berries to preserve a few each day, or to make a half dozen tumblers of jelly at a time, the work would be much less laborious and the results better, as then the fruit could be used when at its best. A mistake is made in thinking that berries which are overripe are suitable for jelly. Berries in this condition may be cooked and used in a day or two, but will not keep, and do not stiffen into a jelly. Berries picked immediately after a rain are not good for canning or for jelly.

Canning and Jelly Making

The following utensils are necessary for all kinds of preserving: A ten or twelve quart porcelain-lined kettle, a white enameled ladle, a long-handled spoon, a wide-mouthed funnel, a colander, several pans, paring knives, a wooden masher, scales, and one or two cloth bags through which to strain the jelly. If many jars are to be filled, a clothes boiler will be convenient for sterilizing them.

Have a rack in the bottom of the boiler, and on it place jars and covers, and completely cover them with cold water. Bring the water slowly to the boiling point and boil for twenty minutes. Have fresh rubbers and scald them by dipping them in the boiling water. The most important thing to remember is that every utensil must be perfectly clean, and no dust which can be prevented shall be allowed to rise during the time of putting the fruit in the jars. Great care must be taken in filling the jars. Do not take them from the boiling water and set them on a cold table, or in a draft; otherwise they will crack and sometimes break. A break is often better than a crack, as a crack sometimes is so small that it escapes one's notice until the jar falls apart and the contents are lost. Also care must be taken to have the syrup boiling, and to fill the jars completely, even to overflowing.

Raspberries and Blackberries—For canning raspberries, blackberries and a combination of raspberries and currants, take three quarts of sugar to six quarts of berries. Put one quart of berries in the preserving kettle and heat slowly. Press out the juice with a wooden masher, strain through cheesecloth, and return to the kettle with the sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, and when the syrup begins to boil add the remaining berries. Heat slowly and boil for ten minutes, counting from the time that the mass begins to bubble. Put into jars, and, when it is slightly cool, seal tightly.

Blueberries—Blueberries are not at all difficult to can. For six quarts of berries use one pint of sugar, and one cupful of water. Put all into a preserving kettle, heat slowly and boil twenty minutes, counting from the time boiling begins.

Strawberries—Strawberries are very hard to preserve and still retain their flavor and color. The berries are inclined to shrink and it is thought that they are best preserved in the sun.

Pick over the berries and wash carefully before hulling. Put them into sterilized jars, having the jars nearly full. Make a heavy syrup, using as many pounds of sugar as there are pounds of fruit, and half as much water as sugar. Boil for fifteen minutes. Pour sugar over the berries, laving the jar filled to overflowing. Set the jar in a pan, cover with glass covers, and place in the sun for three successive days, being careful to take them indoors as soon as the sun goes down. If this method is pursued the color and flavor will be kept very satisfactorily.

Raspberries—Raspberries may be preserved by the same process described above for preserving strawberries.

Jellies

Currants, crabapples and apples are the fruits which jelly without trouble.

Fruit Juices, Jams and Left-overs

Fruit juices are of the greatest use in flavoring ice cream, making sherbets and iced drinks, such as punch and fruit cups. Grape and currant juices are particularly good, and may be canned with or without sugar. Extract the juice as in making jelly, boil it and pour it into jars when it is boiling hot.

Delicious jams can be made of blackberries, raspberries, currants, or currants and raspberries mixed. Boil the fruit in a very little water, until it is tender and is transparent. Then add an equal weight of sugar and boil for twenty minutes.

When one has a few strawberries or currants, not quite enough to put into jars, cook them slowly in an equal quantity of sugar for from twenty to forty minutes. Use at once over cream cheese, with salad. This is a very good imitation of the imported and domestic jam and jelly known familiarly as Bar-le-Duc.

Some Further Uses for Berries in Cookery

Blueberry Ice Cream—To one quart of cream add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla. Freeze to almost a paste. Add two cupfuls of good ripe blueberries and continue freezing until it is firm.

Blueberry Muffins—Cream together a fourth of a cupful of butter and a fourth of a cupful of sugar. Add one well-beaten egg and beat all together until it is very light. Sift two cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the first mixture, alternately, with one cupful of milk. Beat well, add one cupful of blueberries, turn into buttered muffin tins, and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Swedish Fruit Pudding—Add to three cupfuls of fruit juice, currant, raspberry, blueberry or blackberry, sufficient sugar to sweeten (from one-half to three-fours of a cupful), an inch piece of stick cinnamon, and the grated rind of one lemon. Boil for one minute, add half a cupful of potato flour, or one-third of a cupful of cornstarch (diluted with cold water) and boil for about five minutes until it is clear. Turn into a dish and serve cold with cream.

Raspberry and Currant Shortcake—Pick over, wash and slightly mash one quart of currants and one cupful of raspberries. Cover with one cupful of powdered sugar and place in a warm place until ready to serve. Sift together two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. With the tips of your fingers work into this four tablespoonfuls of lard and butter mixed, or any desired shortening. Add one slightly beaten egg, and enough milk (about half a cupful) to moisten to a soft dough which can be handled. Put on a floured board, pat and roll out to one-third of an inch in thickness, and cut two pieces to fit a round layer cake pan. Place one piece on the top of the other, having the lower piece well spread with melted butter. Bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven. Remove to a plate, put the currants and raspberries between the layers and on the top and serve at once. Plain sweetened cream, with a slight grating of nutmeg, or whipped cream may be used.

A 25-Cent Size

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Nature has been lavish with this grain. It is rich in brain and nerve elements. It abounds in vim-producing power.

Every spoonful is richly laden with what languor calls for, what weakness needs.

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This quality means maximum food value. It means extra enjoyment. And all you need to do to insure it is to specify Quaker Oats.

Do this once and the flakes themselves will induce you to always do it.

10c and 25c per Package, except in Far West

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Call to Arms

The war, which is raging in Europe at the time of this writing, will go down in history as the crime of the ages. For that crime the Emperor of Germany, as representing the military classes of his dominions, must be held responsible. It would be unjust in the extreme to lay the blame upon the whole German people. For there are in Germany two classes—the great body of workers and thinkers, who lead the world in all that makes for advance in industry, science, art and literature; and the great military body, proud, arrogant, ambitious, that unfortunately now dominates the councils of the nation. It requires no argument to show that the ideals of the military cast are two centuries behind those of that devoted body of men who have made moral and industrial improvements their aim. German life is such that the veriest subaltern in the army counts for more, socially and politically, than the wisest scholar or the ablest industrial leader.

* * *

If Germany had been content to become the first among the nations through exercising leadership in arts and science, she might easily have attained her ideal. She would at least have won the admiration of the world and her name would ever be held in loving reverence. But, owing to the grotesque folly of her military leaders, she has determined to aim at leadership of another kind—a leadership to be won by force of arms, rather than by intellectual and moral effort. No right thinking person either in or out of Germany can sympathize with a policy so mediaeval and so completely out of harmony with Christian ideals. For it will be remembered that when Christ was asked time after time to tell about the coming of His Kingdom, he gave his hearers to understand that he came to rule in the lives and hearts of men, and not to exercise military lordship. The sorrowful thing in this war, so far as Germany is concerned, is that she is relinquishing a leadership in all that makes for true greatness, in the hope that she may attain to a political leadership, which would surely not endure even if the Kaiser had all the successes of Napoleon. For the German Empire even now is awaking to higher things. The Socialists are completely out of sympathy with the ideals of the war lords. They know that the great need of the Empire is not more territory and more power among the nations, but greater freedom for the masses. They have as their ideals nothing less than self-government and thorough-going democracy. One of the reasons why Germany is anxious to engage in war, is that she may appease this growing feeling. The militarists had to do something to justify their authority and their enormous expenditure. Hence the war.

* * *

For this war the German army has been preparing ever since 1870, but more particularly during the last three years. There has been unexampled activity in shipbuilding and in the manufacture of arms. New explosives have been tried and the most deadly manufactured in the greatest quantities. Airships have been built as fast as the makers could produce them. France has been placarded with advertisements to direct invading armies in their movements. The seas were stocked with mines—even before hostilities were announced. Nothing was forgotten.

Then came the psychological moment. Britain had her Ulster troubles; Russia had her strike; France had her Caillaux trial. It was easy to urge the doddering old Hapsburg to declare war on Servia, and thus to start the conflagration. The meanest feature of it all is that after the endless scheming and planning, the Kaiser should solemnly rise and declare that he was forced into the war and that he was actuated by a high sense of Christian duty. The last thing the modern world will tolerate is hypocrisy.

And so the war is here. True to her traditions, Great Britain has espoused the cause of justice, and where Britain leads, her children will follow. So as we respond to the call to arms it is well that we should know clearly what we hope to achieve. Surely as the result of victory this much can be expected—a new form of government for a soldier-ridden land; a restoration to France of her lost territory; a lessening of armaments; and a decrease in the numbers of the standing armies of the world. Thus will come a gain to both Germany and France, and to the world as a whole.

* * *

We have not as an Empire willingly undertaken the task of chastising the over-ambitious but mistaken zealots who unfortunately control the councils of Germany, but having been forced into the conflict we hope to emerge with credit to ourselves, with increased good will of the nations, and, last of all, we hope that a new Germany will be born which will be free to follow the ideals of peace. Towards this Germany even now we can hold out the hand of warmest friendship.

* * *

In the long struggle that is impending there will no doubt be dark days for the Empire and for Canada, but there is no doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the principles for which we stand, and no doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the combined forces of Britain, France and Russia. There will be quieter, saner judgment in the parliaments of the world as the result of this conflict. It is necessary that reckless pride and ambition should receive a check. Yet it is impossible to get away from the thought of the needless sacrifice of the bravest and best in the land. A full appreciation of this sacrifice is what nerves us to mete out punishment to those who are primarily responsible for the war

* * *

The readiness of Canada to assist the mother land might have been taken for granted. Yet no one could have imagined there was lying dormant in every province such a wealth of patriotic sentiment, and that so many men of all ranks were willing to risk their lives in a just and holy cause. Our Canadian soldiers will acquit themselves nobly. Should death overtake any of them they will not have died in vain. They will have contributed their lives to the triumph of democracy, to the furtherance of the world's peace; they will have made possible a new Germany in which the ideals of peace shall prevail. And as for our country and our Empire we shall be richer because of self-sacrifice, and in addition shall have learned to love and respect still more highly two great sister nations with whom we hope to exercise friendly relations for all time.

* * *

And so with good heart and clean conscience we can say

"God speed the right."

* * *

We quote the following from the Rev. Dr. Du Val, the venerable preacher of Knox Church, Winnipeg, as to our duty in a crisis like this: "It was to see that we proved a help and an honor to the mother country; to prevent the fostering, whether for religious or political reasons, of the spirit of nationalism among our foreign population; to give ourselves to reverence and prayer, and to keep away from self-indulgence and expensiveness. It was necessary to struggle to keep Canada pure, that she might be strong. She should be frugal because there would be hungry to feed and the wounded to nurse."

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

(William Ernest Henley)

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song of your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:
"Take and break us: we are yours,
"England, my own!
"Life is good, and joy runs high
"Between English earth and sky:
"Death is death; but we shall die
"To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
"To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England;
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships whose might,
England, my England.
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own.
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

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There are still some people who order Kellogg's Corn Flakes and are given a substitute "just as good"—and accept the imitation.

The difference between

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

and the "just as good" kind is even greater than the difference between silk and sateen.

The great difference is in the flavor and the nutriment.

Be sure that you ask for and get Kellogg's. It is the original.

10c per package

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

Macleod

The First Police Fort in the Canadian West

By Max McD.

Trace every conquest of the wilderness the world has ever known, and gold-lust will be found to have been the primary actuating motive, the impelling power. Caesar conquered Britain for her mines. Columbus held forth the glorious riches of Cathay as a luring bribe. Military Cortez ransacked Mexico, and avaricious Pizzaro ravished Peru because of gold-lust. The Pacific coast of the United States was peopled first by argonauts. Montana was opened by the hungry seekers of glittering gold. Alaska and the Yukon would still be uninhabited if the gold-lust had not peopled the north. The spirit of adventure and the lust for gold always cut the trails for the settler and the farmer, who eventually erect a government and found an empire.

In 1863 gold was discovered in Montana, and four years later the gleaming yellow metal so seductive in its attraction was uncovered in Last Chance Gulch, and what is now the main street of Helena, the capital of the state, was merely the chief artery of the flow of gold from the pay streak of Last Chance.

It is believed quite generally that the country about Macleod was penetrated first by white men who sought trade with the Indians, but pioneer placer miners of Montana tell of adventurous and restless prospectors who left the mining camps of that state, then a territory, and travelled north and west, panning every stream in search of another Last Chance deposit of placer gold.

Captain C. E. Denny is probably the only man living who has knowledge of a lost placer on the Old Man's river near what is now the thriving town of Macleod. In an interesting story he tells that while an inspector of the Royal North-west Mounted Police at Fort Macleod in 1874, word was brought to the fort that a party of traders were camped up the river. With five constables the inspector proceeded to investigate a report that the newcomers were trading whiskey with the Indians. This was found to be true, and the peddlers were arrested. One of them, a half-breed Mexican, offered to show the inspector where the placer was located if he would allow him to escape. His tale of its discovery is an interesting one.

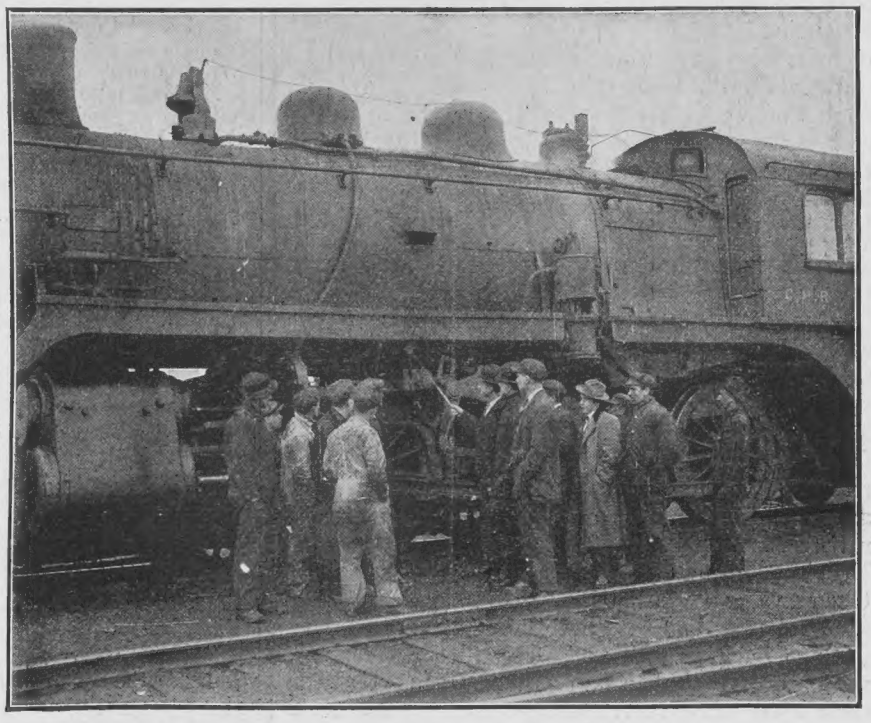
The Mexican had heard in Montana reports that to the north across the boundary rich gold washings were to be found, but that the plain Indians (the Blackfeet); were so hostile that it was impossible for a small party to get in and remain for any length of time without being discovered and killed. He related that in 1872 he met a man in Helena, Montana, who told him that he had found rich deposits of gold across the boundary, and had panned out considerable, but had been run off by Indians. The Mexican went into partnership with this man, and, taking a third party, they came to the Old Man's river. In a short time after beginning work they had collected as much as $1,200 each in coarse gold. The Mexican kept his in a buckskin belt around his waist, but as it became heavier he hid it in a crevice in the rock near the river bank, covering it with a flat stone.

Just at this time the three prospectors were attacked by Indians, only the Mexican escaping with his life, but not till the Blackfeet had deposited nine bullets in his body. He had to leave his bag of gold behind, and nothing was ever heard of his companions. When he was well enough to travel the poor fellow walked to Fort Benton, Montana, where for a crime committed shortly after his arrival he was imprisoned, and it was just after his release that he met the party of whiskey traders he was with when arrested on the Old Man's river, and travelled north again with them. The traders agreed to take him, as he promised to show them gold washings on the river in return for a share in the proceeds of their traffic in whiskey.

The location of the pouch of gold was investigated, but has not yet been discovered. The remains of two wagons partly burnt, a tent, harness parts, and most gruesome of all, the white skulls and other bones of two white men, however, indicated the place where the prospectors had camped when attacked by the Indians. The Mexican's story was true in every particular. He, with the others, was taken to Macleod and imprisoned. In a month he had escaped, but was found afterwards on the prairie with a bullet in his body, killed, in all probability, by one of his kind.

A curious thing happened in 1878. The firm of I. G. Baker and Company of Fort Benton, supplied the Mounted Police with beef in that year, and ran a bunch of cattle up the Old Man's river near what is now Pincher Creek. One of the steers ranging there was brought to Macleod and killed for beef, and in its paunch was found coarse gold mixed with black sand valued at about $20. The animal either licked up this gold on some alkali spot or came across a miner's sack containing it, which, is not known. But the Mexican's gold belt has never been found, neither has the lost placer been discovered.

Right on the heels of the prospectors in Macleod district came the traders.



Instructing Apprentices, C.P.R Angus Shops, Montreal

Tales of the vast prairies where buffalo made their stamping ground, and where their hides could be bought from the Indians, attracted those who would become wealthy through the fur trade. These traders built forts for protection from the Indians, and carried on an illicit trade in whiskey. Fort Benton was the trading post for the whites and Indians in all the borderland of the West, and the main trail ran south from the Bow river near Calgary to the Missouri river at Fort Benton. At sundry points in Canada, such as Kipp and Whoopup, the American whiskey smugglers had constructed very strong forts. The inmates of these comprised all classes of people, about 400 in number, in the very early days. The Indians were afraid of them. An Indian's life was not worth a cent if he gave them any trouble. They used whiskey principally in their barter.

The later sixties and early seventies were years of unbridled licence—years when their business was at its height. Rivers. The object of the force was to put a stop to the liquor trade, and to endeavor to bring the wild Indians into the ways of civilization. The force was small, only about 300 strong, but work was at once begun on a fort on an island in the river. Cottonwood logs were daubed with mud, whitewashed outside and lined with factory cotton inside. Then a British flag was hoisted in opposition to the smugglers' regime.

Here then was a handful of men, about 100 stationed at Fort Macleod, surrounded by a confederacy of Indians noted for their aggressive ferocity. Not a day's ride distant was a fort much stronger than that of the Mounted Police, with cannon, abundance of ammunition and provisions, and four times as many outlaws as there were police. Inside the smugglers' stockades was whiskey enough to win the whole Blackfeet Confederacy as allies for the traders. The first thing was to secure the friendship of the Indians. Colonel Macleod, after whom the fort was

"Alberta," C.P.R. Great Lakes Fleet

These bad characters came over from the States with money enough to outfit themselves and procure whiskey for trading purposes. The "Wolfers" were supplementary forces, which could be called to the defence of the forts and posts if attacked by Indians. They were supplied with food and arms by the whiskey traders or smugglers, and for them they hunted wolves and buffalo. The general desperados hung about the forts or trading posts prepared for any mischief or devilry that was afoot. The traveller would find a few blankets and trinkets in these shops at the posts, but these were only blinds. The medium of exchange was whiskey, and poor whiskey at that.

On one occasion, in the year 1873, some of the traders, wolfers, and desperados, while wildly drunk, fell upon some forty lodges of defenceless Assinaboines, and, not content with massacring them, men, women, and children, they mutilated their bodies terribly.

It was to deal with this class and their Indian foes that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police came to Southern Alberta. In the spring of 1874 they were sent to the North-west (not then made into territories) their objective point being Whoopup, the trader's fort at the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly named, invited the chiefs to Fort Macleod. They were feted by the police, given exhibitions of military skill, and shown the cannon. Pointing out a tree more than a mile away, the colonel bade the chiefs watch it. The next instant a cannon ball tore it up by the roots. That was a better shot than the old mortar over at Whoopup could make. The Blackfeet were greatly impressed, and their visit marked the beginning of a friendship between the Mounted Police and the Indians that has lasted to the present day.

The smugglers were on the most friendly terms with the police, and frequented Fort Macleod just as the police frequented Whoopup. There were no white men in the country except traders and police, and no trails of any kind except those made by the buffalo, and one wagon trail over which supplies were brought from Fort Benton. Mail for the police fort also came via Fort Benton, and was received once a month. The nearest railroad was a narrow gauge branch of the Missouri Pacific 500 miles to the south.

Fort Macleod was late in building. The horses after the long ride over the prairies were sent to Sun River, Montana, to winter, and were in charge of

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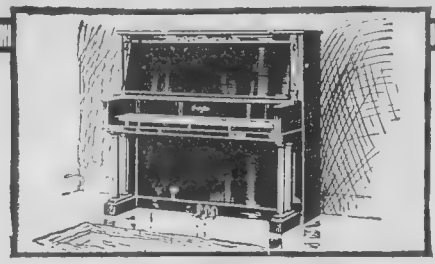

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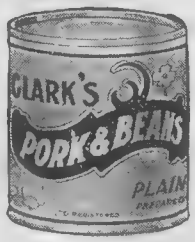

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THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

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Mothers all over Canada know that with Maypole Soap they can make everything new.

FREE BOOK—
'How to Dye with Maypole Soap'

24 colors, 10c package—black 15c, at your dealers, or postpaid with booklet "How to Dye." No muss and little work when you dye with Maypole Soap. Try it at once.

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

Major Walsh. Indian horses were used the first winter for hunting down daring and reckless whiskey traders. Men who could not pay their fines were imprisoned in the guard room of the fort, and long term prisoners were sent the following summer across the plains to Winnipeg, the nearest penitentiary in the early days.

With the coming of the police the liquor traffic was soon suppressed, the country rid of ruffians, and law and order guaranteed to white and Indian alike. In a police report in 1876 we read: "The liquor traffic is now suppressed, and a number of Americans have crossed the border and engaged in stockraising on Canadian territory." The police were very successful in their dealings with the Indians. Their recognition of the fact that the Indian had rights in the Westland was the chief reason for this success. Crowfoot, the famous Blood chief, bore splendid testimony to the presence of the police.

The old fort was built on Gallagher's Island, about a mile below the present site of the town of Macleod. The change of the river bed made it necessary to move, and in 1884 the post, with the town, was moved bag and baggage to its new location. The Blood reserve is situated a few miles to the east, and the Peigan reserve a few miles to the west. In the early days it was necessary to maintain a force of 250 men at Macleod, but latterly the strength has been reduced materially. Now there are only about 25 men at the post, and of these at least half are away upon detail all the time.

In recent years there has been little trouble with the Indians. Probably the last real trouble was in 1896, when Charcoal, a Blood, shot another Indian and then ran amuck. In the chase after the renegade Sergeant Wilde, one of the best non-commissioned officers of the force, was shot. In the end Charcoal was captured, tried, and hanged at Macleod.

The duties of the stalwart young fellows who comprise the rank and file of the Macleod post are rather matter of fact compared with the stirring days of the past. Service in the police has always been popular at Macleod, and practically every one of the "Old Timers" has worn the red tunic of the Royal North-west Mounted Police.

FIRST MORMON TEMPLE ON BRITISH SOIL

By Max. McD.

Work on the first Mormon Temple on British soil is now well under way in the Mormon centre for Canada, Cardston, Alberta. The structure will be of granite from the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. Machinery, valued at $10,000, has been installed on the temple ground, and cutting will be done there as fast as the rough material can be delivered. As each stone is cut and dressed it will be placed in the wall.

The structure will cost at least $300,000. This money will come mostly from tithing sent to headquarters at Utah, and the contractors have the assurance of the church that all money needed will be forthcoming when asked for. Bishop Nibley, who has charge of the business affairs of the Mormon church throughout the world, will have direct control of the work, but will not be on the ground. A local inspector and superintendent of construction will direct the local activities.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day saints have no temples at present outside of the state of Utah, where the great Salt Lake Temple stands. The new Canadian building will be the first to be erected on British soil and the first outside of the United States. The Salt Lake Temple cost $4,000,000 and was 45 years in building. The other Utah temples—Manti, St. George and Logan—cost all told about $3,000,000. Material at the time they were erected was very costly and transportation difficult. It is stated by the authorities to-day that as good building can be done to-day for about one-third the cost. So it would seeem that the Canadian temple will compare favorably with any of the Utah structures outside the great Salt Lake Temple.

DISAPPEARED

Tea and Coffee Ails Vanish Before Postum

It seems almost too good to be true, the way headache, nervousness, insomnia, and many other obscure troubles vanish when tea and coffee are dismissed and Postum used as the regular table beverage.

The reason is clear. Tea and Coffee contain a poisonous drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble, but Postum contains only the food elements in choice hard wheat with a little molasses.

An Eastern man grew enthusiastic and wrote as follows:

"Until 18 months ago I used coffee regularly every day and suffered from headache, bitter taste in my mouth, and indigestion; was gloomy and irritable, had variable or absent appetite, loss of flesh, depressed in spirits, etc.

"I attribute these things to coffee, because since I quit it and have drank Postum I feel better than I had for 20 years, am less susceptible to cold, have gained 20 lbs. and the symptoms have disappeared—vanished before Postum." (Tea is just as harmful as coffee, because they both contain the drug, caffeine.)

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville." in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Peculiarities

A travelling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a bill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouch was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times."

"Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?"

"I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant.

"D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman.

"Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled.

"W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."

Another Link in the Chain

by J. D. A. Evans

"Yes," answered the old man, the early years of whose life were spent upon Red River's banks. "Custer once came up to Manitoba; he was at Star Mound."

* * *

A few days ago, the writer was conversing with a man who has resided in Southern Manitoba many, many years. To this native of Red River colony, the three score and ten of life's span are as a tale that is told.

Away in the distance, a faint outline of Star Mound was visible. Star Mound ah! now we have another link in the chain of Manitoba's early days, long, long ago.

"Who did you say?" interrupted the writer, who was an earnest listener to the reminiscences of the old inhabitant. "Then Custer, the great fighter was here?"

"Yes, that's right. They called him the mighty plainsman from over there," pointing in a southern direction toward the international boundary line. "There was a big pow wow when he came, for days; Indian chiefs from all over the country met him, great feasting and a big fight afterwards."

Star Mound the silent witness. Ah! if that lonely sentinel upon the prairie could reveal its historical bearing on Manitoba, a strange story would be unfolded.

* * *

When the smoke of aboriginal's teepee curled over the prairie, Rupert's Land was spoken of as the wild fastness westward of the Great Lakes. A scattering of persons now in the very advanced evening of life, have engaged in the buffalo chase; observed the scalps of human beings dangling from Indian's belt; witnessed warriors of the plains engage in tribal warfare, long barrelled muskets of the Hudson Bay Company—chief weapon of combat. As a generality, the ancient resident displays no reticence to talk concerning days in remote past, delights to resurrect from abyss of memory incidents of Red River happenings. A passing reference to Star Mound, its position in the historical record, permits the writer to remark that data are not absent to connect this miniature mountain with days long ago in Manitoba. The relics of Indian tenure: spear and arrowhead, have been unearthed in copious quantity; graves of aborigines are scattered hereabout, upon the summit of Star Mound, mighty hunters of the plains are in their last long sleep.

"Yes," answered the old man, the early years of whose life were spent upon Red River's banks. "Custer once came to Manitoba; he was at Star Mound."

In the early sixties, authentic information says 1861, Custer, warlike in attitude, visited Star Mound, the location which had been selected for a conference of the Indian peoples. We can speak of matters pertaining to the continuance of friendly relationship between the aborigines in Manitoba and those of United States territory adjacent. A vast concourse of the great men of the tribes assembled; the "long tent" orators addressed the great man from the south; Star Mound's summit occupied by those who passed around the pipe of peace. And they danced to the sound of tom tom and dirge, weird chants of Indian life which have been handed down to posterity. In a few days, the deliberations of the assembly terminated; ah! nearly one hundred of the participants sleep beneath the shadows of Star Mound to-day in an unmarked resting place for a fierce encounter took place between two factions.

A resident of the surrounding district in excavating for a well some years ago, brought to the surface a number of skulls. A grim tragedy unfolded. This massacre occurred in the fifties. The facts are that a trader and other men en route from the United States, encountered a band of prowling Indians. Then ensued a fight, brutal murder was committed; the heads of the victims were scalped, the bodies left upon the prairie for the coyote; and the heads were deposited in a hole dug for the purpose.

And what is the Star Mound of to-day? Let us in thought stand upon its summit. Do we gaze down upon the smoke begrimed tent of the aboriginal hunter, observe upon the slopes feather bedecked Indian who is yelling at the approach of bellowing buffalo? No, these features are consigned to oblivion. To-day the farmsteads of a prosperous populace stretch out to distant horizon; elevators tower above the prairies; towns and villages; smoke of railway train rushing through countryside wherein Red River cart trundled along.

Wondrous transformation scene! !

* * *

Years of long, long ago, when the turrets twain of the church at St. Boniface on Red River, greeted the voyageur, yell of the Indian echoed across silent prairie land.

Early Glimpses of Greatness

The Union at Oxford must have been a fine school of debate for more than one student successful in after years as public speakers. William Charles Lake, formerly Dean of Durham, says in his memoirs that he has heard Lord Coleridge say:

"Well, I have never heard better speaking anywhere than I heard at the Union."

Dean Lake recalls two speeches which he heard there at different times. When he was president of the Union an unknown gentleman commoner made a striking and very poetical speech. Especially memorable was his description of the Alps.

"What is this?" asked Lake.

"Ruskin, a gentleman commoner of Christ Church," was the answer.

The Alps had already set fire to the imagination of the man who was to describe them as they never have been described by another man.

On another occasion, some years later, Lake heard a brilliant speech of quite a different character.

"Who was that?"

"A young gentleman commoner just come up to Christ Church, Lord Robert Cecil."

This was Lord Salisbury, who became the great figure in public life which, on hearing that boyish speech, Lake predicted he would be.

He Knew How to Pick Them

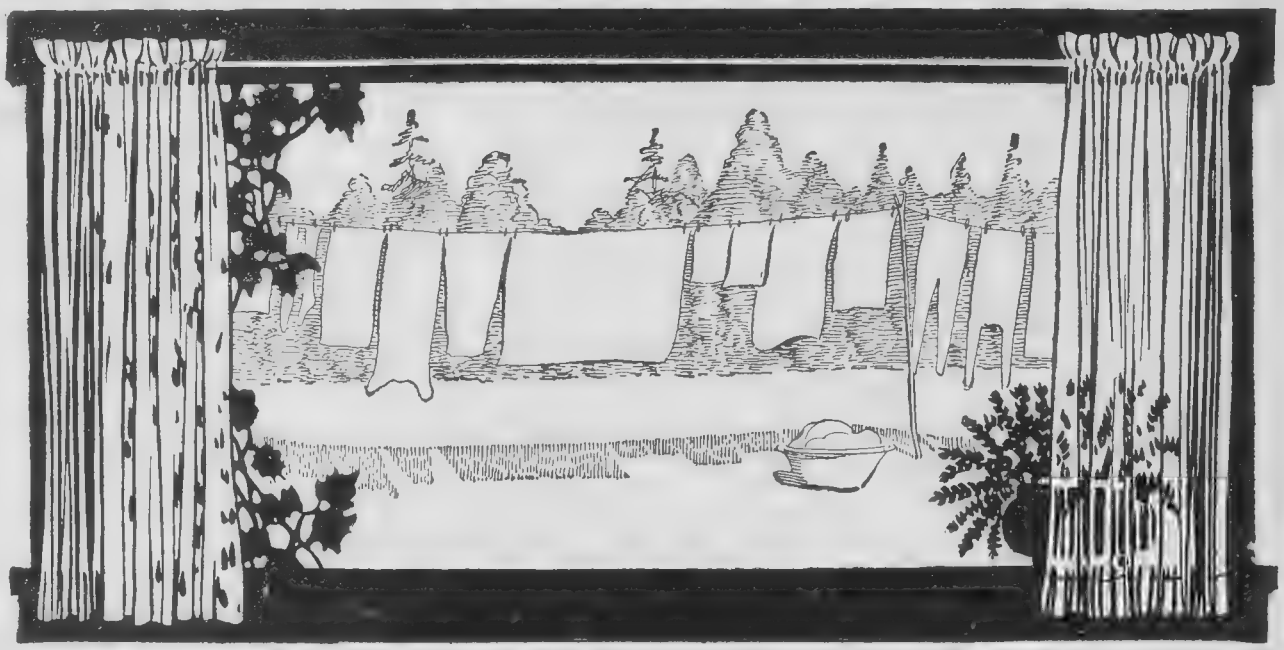
The orchestra was playing loudly in one of the restaurants in Denver during the Democratic National Convention, and the diners were talking loudly so they might hear and be heard. At one table sat a beautiful woman and her escort and at the next table a number of Tammany men.

Suddenly the orchestra stopped, bing! and a Tammany man's voice rang out: "By George, that's a good-looking woman! I'd like to meet her."

The man at the next table, who was with the lady, came over, tapped the Tammany man on the shoulder and said frigidly: "Sir, that lady is my wife."

"Shake," said the Tammany man; "I am glad to meet you. You certainly are a good picker."

And hostilities were averted.



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Sunlight is the most efficient Laundry Soap sold on the Canadian market today—It is pure beyond compare.

You try Sunlight Soap according to directions, and you'll see the early morning sunlight shining on a line of the whitest clothes that ever spoke of housewife's pride.

Sunlight Soap

5c. It's kind to the hands. Follow directions. Sold at all grocers. 1313 A $5,000 guarantee says there is not a particle of adulterant or impurity in Sunlight Soap. 5c.

That Healthful Glow

After all, there's no secret about a fine complexion.

One word expresses it—"PALMOLIVE."

In Palmolive Soap two million women find Palm and Olive Oils—*natural* aids to beauty employed by women for over three thousand years.

Cleanses, soothes, beautifies and invigorates the tenderest skin. *More* than mere soap

Price 15 cents a cake.

Palmolive

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A little applied before retiring—a "fingertipful" rubbed into the skin after the use of Palmolive Soap—and *nature does the rest.* Price 50 cents.

Palmolive Shampoo

cleanses the scalp and keeps the hair lustrous and healthy. Rinses easily. Leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents.

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—Liberal cake of Palmolive, bottle of Shampoo and tube of Cream, packed in neat sample package, all mailed on receipt of five 2-cent stamps.

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No dead ends to fire. Double Duplex Grates work independently. Special partition in

McClary's Sask-alta

Range divides fire box in two for summer use saving half the fuel.

See the McClary dealer before buying. 421

Some children shun the bath—because their skin is so sensitive.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

soothes, protects & strengthens the most delicate skin.

THE Nursery Soap. 12c. per Tablet.

Dollars or Dreams

By A. A. Thomson

SOMEWHERE from far away across the sleeping city, a clock struck three—clear resonant notes above the brief silence of the streets, in which night had cast her short spell of peace. Faintly the voice of the chimes came faltering through the night, softly echoing in the quietude of the room where the writer sat before his work—asleep.

The shade of the reading lamp was tilted so that its light lay only upon one side of the littered table. Within the arc of light was the head of the Writer; one cheek pillowed on his arm, his relaxed hand outstretched where the fingers had lost their hold of the fountain pen which lay among a little pool of ink, evolved in that cheerfully characteristic manner common to those stylographic fiends. The lamp, though burning low, still outlined clearly the face of this toiler who slumbered by his work. His face was worn and gray for one so young in years; a face where the potentiality of youth had been almost erased by the heavy hand of circumstance.

I have said that the tilted lamp shade only threw the light on the table. Perhaps it were better that we keep our gaze centered there, for a parlor-bedroom in a New York boarding house will not lend itself happily to the prolific and hopeful pursuit of that strangely vague and chimeric existence known as "writing.'

The world, unfortunately, has always seemed to reserve its attics for the abode of those who possess literary genius.

Ah! that hard-won path of literature, how sadly different it is to many of us!

Some are born with a gold-tipped pen in their hand, and to them the formation of beautiful phraseology, of prose-poetry, is backed by an excellent education— and unlimited time is allowed for all composition.

To others comes the worn stub of lead pencil with which they scribble the paragraphs upon which depends the onerous question "to dine or not to dine?" Such an one has half-an-hour in which to finish his "copy"; his literary sanctum is a corner of the greasy-topped table in a restaurant.

On the table in this room there lay a sheaf of closely-written manuscript, clipped together by a small brass tack. If manuscript can look otherwise than prosaic, this certainly attempted to smile, or had not this sleeping Writer been commissioned to produce a "novelette" of 50,000 words?

There he lay, a single sheet of copy paper half-covered by his hand-writing in front of him, his greater task ended; worn out asleep.

As the chimes died away into silence, there seemed to pass through the room some faint and phantom breeze from out the chilly caverns of the night. The leaves of the completed manuscript rustled very slightly under one of those strange nocturnal currents of air—a stifled sigh from the weary world.

Beyond the circle of light a faint radiance seemed to centre around two persons who stood looking down on the sleeping face of the Writer. They were vague, nebulous personalities, bred by his own imagination, who had, as the Writer slept, wandered from their proper place between the pages of the manuscript—the Hero and Heroine.

"Does he not look tired?" she said. "I cannot understand how he manages to make two worthless nonenties, like you and me, cover so much space, and he, in five chapters, has made me do beautiful, womanly things which I detest, and which are very rarely done by any present-day girl."

"Yes," said the Hero, "and he makes out all through the blessed story that I worship and adore you, while, as our different temperaments are, I loathe the sight of you. You are too namby-pamby, goody-goody, pink and white—no spirit; not, by miles, the woman I could ever love in real life. And he makes out that I am a high-souled, idealistic sort of Sir Galahad, who is eternally being wronged, and who has terrible difficulties to surmount. In fact, I want to marry you because you are well off, since my ideals don't soar beyond a comfortable home and somebody to supply the cash I lack. You can give me these things, so, despite the twaddle this sleeping Writer may cover paper with, I am proud to say that I am not in the least heroic."

"And I don't want to wander after you both, like some vampire," said the Woman with a Past, coming forward into the light. "I don't want to worry you, and though he says so, I don't regret the skittish time I had in my youth; you see marriage, like an ulster, covers a multitude of faults."

A deep voice broke in upon their conversation. "And why should he make me suffer under the bar sinister of a villainous existence?"

They turned and beheld the Villain standing behind them. He was—in the the story— dark, and possessed of a satirical scowl, his sneering lips half concealed beneath a heavy drooping moustache. He was—in reality— as villainy usually is, a gentle opened-faced type of young man the sort of fellow who men like to make a confidant of—the kind that women flirt with, to their undoing. A hangman does not carry an advertisement of his profession upon his face; why should the poor villain,—outside the necessity of the novelette?

"I'm sick of it," said the villain. "I don't hate either of you, and I don't want in the least to marry you," turinng to the Heroine; "you are too foolish and insipid for anyone possessed of the least intellectual villainy to wish to harm; besides, I have a very tender heart on the whole. I am eternally getting frustrated, knocked down, or thrown into a pond; and I never was such an arrant ass as to do half the things he makes me do in the story. I tell you I'm so sick of myself I'm glad when the old squire shoots me in mistake for the burglar—and that's not until the next to the last chapter—worse luck!"

"I'm afraid we are just old stock," quavered a voice from the other side of the table, where the Old Father of the Heroine had been standing in silence. "We simply seem inevitable necessities which the idiotic readers of novelettes demand and expect. I am not a fine old man, and I'd never forgive you, you hussy, for running away," he said, turning to the Heroine. "Of the two men I'd infinitely rather give your hand in marriage to the Villain; he is, at least, human—not faultless!"

"Peace, peace, my children," interpolated a youthful voice from the background. They turned, and looking towards the fireplace, saw a childish figure standing there.

LESS MEAT
Advice of Family Physician

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from an Eastern man:

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food.

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the medicine I had taken before.

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts.

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"Do you not think," continued the voice, "that he loathes you all, and each of your evolutions through all my forty-six chapters and fifty thousand words? Do you not sicken and disgust him? He recognizes the stupidity of it all—far better than you do—yet you must stand there and gibber over his worn out body because he makes you peregrinate the sickening mazes of a worn-out plot. Has he not a soul far above the twaddle which binds you and your attendant puppets together?"

"But who, pray, are you, who speak with such certainty?" asked the Heroine.

"I am the father and mother of you all," answered the slim figure through the gloom. "They call me 'The Story!,' and I love the brain which gave me birth—me and my brothers. Look there at that piece of paper beside his hand, read what his soul longs to write, what he sought to find solace in after the weary drudgery of his hack-work, which was the formation of you; trying to find forgetfulness when sleep overcame him!"

They stole forward and bent over the slumbering Writer, who moved uneasily in his sleep. Upon the paper, in his familiar handwriting they saw these words:

".....and, however much we struggle, however much we may strive, we shall never reach those white-bosomed crests of the Mountains of the Ideal. As dawn comes, and we pause, worn and nerveless after our search—the search during which we found our own souls, our better beings, as we stand triumphant on the summits of the peaks of gray and gold which seemed, ah! so far away yestere'en; we see stretching upwards and heavenwards, tier upon tier of glittering inaccessible glory, rising up, up to the very footstool of the Almighty. The Ideal would be worth little were it ever absolutely attainable....."

They stood silent for a moment.

"He never made me say beautiful things like that," said the Heroine, "only silly, girlish, love nonsense. I never knew he could have invested my character with such beauty."

"He had to write you down to the proper level, my dear," came the voice of the Story. "He has to prostitute his soul for the eighty dollars; and he would get for the Mountains of the Ideal, not as many cents. They will only ask him again to sink his soul and all that he loves to write, which he must to stave off the hard, hungry days he and I have known. They refuse his dreams, and welcome the absurdities of the so-called 'novelettes' with a strong love interest,"

* * * * * *

The grey dawn was beginning to show through the shabby blind, and the reading lamp was gurgling itself to a smoky death.

The sleeper awoke and looked at the sheet of paper in front of him. Suddenly he stretched out his hand and crushed it into a ball. Rising, he hurled it across the room towards the fireplace. The sheaf of manuscript he tenderly pushed into an envelope, which he addressed.

"The dream," he murmured sleepily, licking the flap of the envelope, "the dream—how can it ever hope to exist against the dollar in the competition of this business?"

I Tackle the Hired Girl Problem

My soul has been filled with great bitterness in these latter days. I have tackled the hired-girl problem, and have been its. In dealing with this problem heretofore I have adopted the simple but satisfactory method—which I recommend to husbands—of having my wife hunt up the girl, and when she did not succeed in finding one I said it was mighty strange that a woman never could do business expeditiously, as a man does. But it did not work that way in the latest instance. My wife was taken sick, and, by one of those remarkable coincidences which are not unknown at such times, the woman who was doimg our work was taken sick at precisely the same time. It was a crisis in our family history, and I said I would step out and get a girl.

I stepped out. After two days of earnest rustling at all odd hours that I could spare I found a lady of former affluence whose circumstances had been reduced by an untoward fate, as she assured me, who said she would enter my service on the following morning, provided I would treat her as a sister. I went home and wrote a little ode full of joy and gratitude. The next morning came, but the lady of reduced circumstances did not, and I have not seen her since. I suppose that her fall from affluence had jarred her memory. Two days later—we were living on bakers' bread, canned corned beef and stewed prunes in the meantime—I found another lady who said she would come to work the next morning. I never saw her again, either. It is the gospel truth that I am telling you.

Then a friend of our folks said there used to be a girl named Maggie who lived in Russian Town, and that she would be a good girl for us if we could get her. She said she did not know her other name, and perhaps she had left Russia Town, but I picked up the forlorn hope she presented and went over to Russian Town to find Maggie if possible. At the first house at which I knocked a woman clad in a brief green sackcloth garment and blue stockings, and with a red table cloth carelessly draped about her shoulders, came to the door. I said, "Sabe Maggie?"

I never will tell what she said, for I do not know what it was; but I judge she had no palate, and had caught a cold on top of that. That is, I did judge so until I noticed that they all talked that way over there, and then I concluded that it was Russian that ailed them.

Finally I found a woman who talked some English, and she told me where the mother of Maggie lived. Thither I went and addressed the mother of this Maggie. I said, "Maggie your girl?"

She said, "Ja; bolgis bollisku."

"Hey?"

"Bolgis bollisku."

"No ,not Bolgis—Maggie."

"Maggie bolgis bollisku."

"I guess so. I do not know her middle and family names. I want to get her to work for me."

"Maggie bunder beratsky."

"Well, I might try Bunder if Bolgis is not at home. Anything that is shaped like a hired girl will do for me now."

"Maggie beratsky cur-r-r-r."

"I hope, madam, that you do not mean anything personal by that last remark. You see before you a broken and heart-sick man who is here on peaceful business and—"

"Bolgis."

"Yes; trot Bolgis out. Trot out any-anybody—anything—that you think will do. You can't imagine how weary I am of this—"

Just then an interpreter came along and explained that Maggie was out at service and I could not get her. I said that perhaps Beratsky would do, but he said he thought I must have misunderstood. Then I went home again.

We have a girl now, but I shall not tell how we obtained her for fear somebody will work the same scheme on us. I know we did wrong, but I was reduced to such a condition of desperation that I was prepared to elope with a hired girl if one could have been obtained in no other way.—A. J. Waterhouse.

A Real Darnless Stocking for Boys

Your dealer sells them in Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the ordinary kind. Look for Buster on the box!

Buster Brown Says—

"I can wear these stockings without ever getting a hole in them, and you know me. I am not too careful. The best thing I ever did was to put my name on this hosiery, so mothers would know how to buy Darnless Stockings."

Mothers! Stop Darning

Don't spend hours and hours darning stockings. There is no need for it. Buy your boys Buster Brown Stockings — made of the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, knitted double or treble where the wear is the hardest. Save money, too!

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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Don't Have A Dumb Piano!

Because nobody in your family plays is no reason why you should be without a piano. But don't have a dumb piano! Get a

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Player-Piano

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

In order to play it you need absolutely no skill or training. By the operation of a few simple devices, anyone (even though they never saw one before) can render perfectly any musical composition.

The Sherlock-Manning Player-Piano has the Otto Higel Mechanism (the newest and best player mechanism produced), Sustaining Pedal Attachment, Solodant (which plays the accompaniment, instantly omits the melody or correctly accents the theme in any composition), Tempo-Aid (which automatically reproduces the time and volume as originally intended by the composer).

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Write Dept. 14 for information and handsome art catalogue A

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London (No Street Address Necessary) Canada

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carry a complete assortment of Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs. Catalogues and prices mailed free on application. Easy terms of payment arranged.

FROM LONDON, ENGLAND SUIT $4.50c DELIVERED FREE

$1,000 IF UNTRUE WE SEND A GENTS SUIT DUTY & CARRIAGE PAID FOR $4.50.

This marvellous but perfectly honest offer of a Gents 3 piece suit, delivered free (nothing more to pay) for $4.50 (backed up by testimonials from the British Police) has never been equalled in Canada. The biggest advertising offer made! Our Suits have reached every Village in Great Britain. Our name is known and respected in every corner. Our Postal business is enormous. Now, Sir, we are going to make that same big business in Canada. WE'LL DO IT AT ALL COSTS! Honest dealing and rock bottom prices MUST win through.
We want your Trial Order, simply as an advertisement for us in your locality. We want you to talk about us to your friends, so we offer a Gents stylish well-fitting London-cut made-to-measure 3-piece sample suit in genuine fine quality English Tweeds and Blues, direct from London to you, for $4.50, absolutely free of further charge. Our styles, materials, cut and finish are absolutely unbeatable. Raincoats from $6.50.

MAIL CARD TO TORONTO FOR FREE SAMPLES
Send postal card for free Cloth Cuttings, fashions, and easy self-measure chart. They cost you nothing. We send also higher price samples.

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H. THOMAS & CO. 142, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C. ENGLAND.

Why doesn't she take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

Striking Oil

Francis J. Dickie

Following the strike of oil on May 15th at the Dingman well in the Okotoks field, some fifty miles south of Calgary, the people of that city and other parts of the province near at hand have been oil mad. Since that day over two hundred oil companies with an approximate capitalization of $115,500,000 have been formed. Conservative bankers and business men claim that at least $8,000,000 worth of stock has been subscribed, the majority of this money coming from the working classes, who withdrew their savings from the different financial institutions in order to buy shares in almost any oil concern floated.

The incorporation of these companies has brought to the provincial treasury $50,000 in fees for letters of incorporation. The oil itself from the Dingman, the only so far producing well in the field, is of an unusual variety, being highly volatile owing to the fact that it contains over sixty per cent pure gasoline. As it comes from the ground it is greenish amber in color, of a very meager density and does not resemble the average output of crude petroleum that has heretofore been found anywhere upon this continent. Filtration apparently changes its density but little, and it is being used in the city of Calgary without rectification as a fuel for operating

Baler at work in the Dingman Well

For the first time in the history of Western Canada oil was discovered in the Okotoks field which is some forty miles square in extent. It reaches from a point almost directly south of Calgary and stretches northwesterly to the foothills of the Rockies. But this area alone does not constitute the only place in which oil men are working. In fact, from the 49th parallel of latitude as far north as Fort McKay experts and promoters have secured leases on every available spot that gave the slightest promise of oil. Men from all over the world have flocked to Calgary and adjacent fields looking for opportunities and investments. The various Dominion lands offices have been working overtime in a vain endeavor to complete the work which has been entailed by this tremendous sale of oil leases and no definite data are obtainable at the present writing as to how many thousand acres have been blanketed. Suffice it to say that never before in the history of the Dominion Lands offices has such a rush been known. Some idea of the immensity of these negotiations may be gained when it is learned that one company alone purchased leases on a block of land west of Wetaskiwin, eighty thousand acres in extent.

automobiles and gasoline engines. It is characterized by an extremely pungent and suffocating odor similar to naphtha but possessing much more permeating powers. Oil men who have expressed considerable surprise at the product state that there is not the slightest doubt that somewhere within a radius of a few miles there must be a large subterranean lake containing oil of a greater density.

The peculiar qualities of the oil and the fact that in only two other places in the entire world has any oil product equalling it ever been found gave rise to much skepticism and rumors were circulated that a large quantity of pure gasoline had been dumped into the drill hole. This theory, however, was knocked on the head and the most sanguine hopes of all those connected realized when on May 29th black oil of exceptional density gushed to the height of eighty feet in the air. With the striking of oil at the Dingman well owned by the Calgary Petroleum Products Ltd. the city of Calgary went oil crazy and overnight the stock of the above corporation jumped from its par value, $10.00 to $150.00. This was the signal, which started the greatest speculative movement which Western Canada has ever experienced. Never before, even in

the palmiest days of the real estate boom did so much money change hands in so short a space of time. A glance at the bank clearings for the city of Calgary alone will verify this statement. The savings departments of the various banking institutions in Calgary for two days following the first strike were filled by an eager horde of depositors withdrawing their accounts. This done, they hurried to the stock selling offices, which "mushroom like" had sprung up overnight.

Within twenty-four hours of the strike a hundred oil offices had opened up on the main thoroughfares of Calgary. Locations in the business section were few, so, swayed by the mad excitement of the moment proprietors of the leading hotels leased their rotundas. Part of the oldest jewellery establishment in Calgary was also thrown open as a stock selling place. These with dozens of real estate offices, cigar stores, in fact any building whose situation commanded a vantage point were seized upon; and, men and women, from the highest and lowest walks of life rushed and fought for positions at the doors in a mad endeavor to purchase stock in oil companies. What company little mattered. On the curbs brokers bartered, selling back and forth, the stocks in twenty different concerns which a scant forty-eight hours before no one had ever heard of. Tales of millionaires who had been made overnight mingled with the jargon of the oil fields were the only topics of conversation. Women pawned their jewels, newsboys and shoeblacks added their quota to the stream of money that poured night and day into the brokers' offices. Following the first few hours there were no more stock certificates obtainable but the brokers went merrily on selling, receipts being given for moneys paid. So fast did the greenbacks come in that the clerks as they worked at the desks, in many of the larger concerns simply swept them into waste paper baskets till the close of the day's transactions. When night came upon the first day hundreds still waited in line to buy and it was not until long after midnight that the clamoring crowds were sufficed. The rush of course abated somewhat after the third day but excitement runs high in Calgary, every one waiting expectantly for another strike at some of the other wells which are down over a thousand feet.

The following is a list of companies incorporated at one million dollars or over. Some hundred more varying in capitalization from $10.000 to $1,000,000 are also registered

The Alaskan Oil of Alberta, Ltd	$1,000,000
Calgary Permanent Oil Co	1,000,000
Regent Oil Co, Ltd	1,000,000
Vegreville Oil & Gas Co, Ltd	1,000,000
Alberta Queen Oil Co, Ltd	1,000,000
Adams Oil Co, Ltd	1,000,000
Calgary & Sweet Grass Oil, Ltd	1,000,000
Acorn Oil Products, Ltd	1,000,000
Monte Cristo Oils, Ltd	1,000,000
Interprovincial Oil & Gas, Ltd	1,000,000
Union Oil	1,000,000
Capital City Oil	1,000,000
Sunbeam Oil	1,000,000
Amalgamated Oil	1,000,000
Alliance Oil	1,000,000
Bow Valley	1,000,000
I.X.L. Oil & Gas	1,000,000
Adanac Oils	2,000,000
Metropolitan Oil & Gas	1,000,000
National Oil & Gas	1,000,000
International Oil & Gas	1,000,000
Progress Oil & Gas	1,000,000
British Empire Oil	1,000,000
Western Star Oil & Gas	1,000,000
Mecca Oil & Gas	1,000,000
Cypress Oil & Gas	1,500,000
Piedmont, Petroleum Products	2,500,000
Windsor Oil Fields	1,000,000
Herron Elder	1,000,000
Erie Oil	1,000,000
Oil Valleys, Ltd	2,500,000
Moose Portage Oil Co	1,000,000
Prior Oil Co	1,000,000
Central Oil & Gas	1,000,000
Domes Oils	1,000,000

When Van Blumer came up from the cellar, says Harper's Bazaar, he told his wife he wanted her to do him a favor. "I want you to give the cook a message for me," he added.

"What?" inquired Mrs. Van Blumer, a trifle anxiously.

"Tell her,—ask her, I mean,"—said Van Blumer, "not to put the broken china into the ash-barrel. I really must have some place to put the ashes."

Treating

The treating system is universally looked upon as an absurdity, a nuisance and a curse. Provincial statesmen of both parties are agreed as to the wisdom of suppressing it. The difference between the methods advocated by the Liberal and Conservative leaders is as to the best plan of accomplishing this object.

Sir James Whitney proposes a law directly prohibiting the practice. Mr. Rowell proposes to prevent it by removing the opportunities

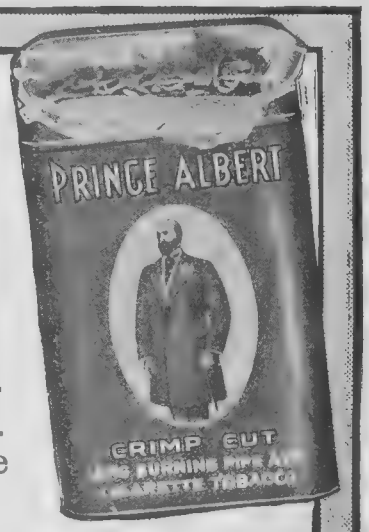
Waiting their turn to buy Oil Shares

A Local Option by-law abolishes the bar to which Liberals object as the treating opportunity, and it abolishes the liquor shops which Conservatives believe to be a very grave peril. All that could be accomplished in any locality by the operation of the Liberal plan or the Conservative plan, as far as the locality is concerned, will be fully attained by the adoption of a Local Option by-law; for a Local Option by-law prohibits the undoubtedly mischievous shop-selling, and also prohibits the bar-room which provides treating facilities, and thus gives all the benefits that could be obtained by a broader policy than either, as far as that locality is concerned.

Liberals fear that treating would be difficult of suppression if bars remained. Conservatives fear that bar-room abolition would be ineffective if shops remained. Local Option banishes bars and shops. It falls short of being better than both the other methods together only because of its affecting a smaller area of territory. And the people may enact Local Option for themselves.

The hostility to the treating system is well founded. Whether done in a bar-room or outside of a bar-room it has been the beginning of the drinking habit with perhaps nine-tenths of those who become drunkards. It has in it an element of good fellowship. It makes an appeal to the personal pride of those who do not think deeply. It often captures the most ambitious, generous and intellectual of our young men. It is a practice for which no good reason can be found

Don't stow this away under your hat. Use it.

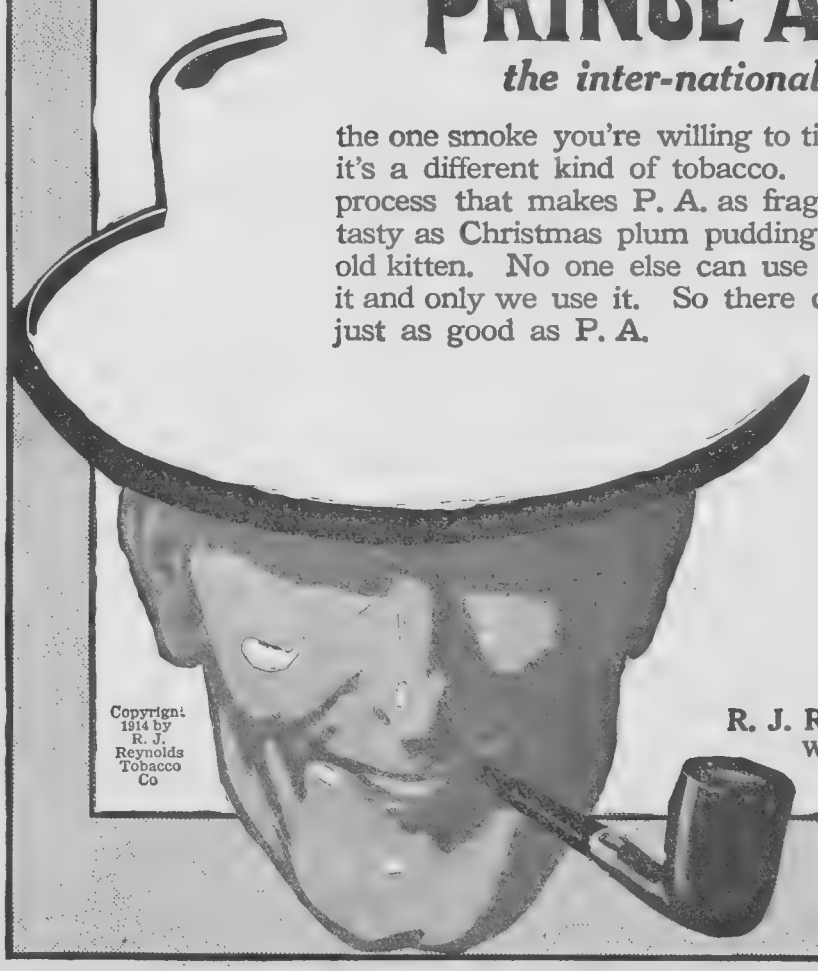


P. A. in the tidy red tin hands you the biggest money's worth of fragrant pipe joy that coin of the realm ever bought. This is the dandy package to tote on the hip or tuck into the side pocket. But—and make special note of this—it isn't the spanking bright red tin that makes

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

the one smoke you're willing to tie to. And it isn't because it's a different kind of tobacco. It's the little old patented process that makes P. A. as fragrant as a June day and as tasty as Christmas plum pudding and as biteless as a day-old kitten. No one else can use this process. We control it and only we use it. So there can't be any other tobacco just as good as P. A.



Prince Albert is manufactured only by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. at its factories in Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A., and is imported from the United States by Canadian dealers. Prince Albert is the largest selling brand of pipe smoking tobacco in the United States.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tidy red tins.

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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

This Is The Shoe, Madam—

The Shoe you've been hearing about. It has created a new standard of shoe value. Small wonder that women who care for foot-appearance are insisting on it.

MISS CANADA SHOE

Small wonder that our expert shoe makers are working overtime to produce enough of them to satisfy the demand. For they simply COMPEL admiration. The various lasts of the MISS CANADA SHOE reveal the very latest style tendencies, because we keep in close touch with the master shoe designers of the world's shoe centres.

Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

Size 5 inches long, fine bevelled glass, richly chased, silver-finished back, engraved with any initial. Retail price 50c. Sent prepaid for 15c. to cover cost of engraving, postage and packing.

Minister Myles Shoe Co., Limited
109 Simcoe St.
Toronto

F
Send me a Vanity Hand Glass

The MISS CANADA

Name _____

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.

Miss Matty's Millenium

By Edith G. Bayne

NO ONE had ever, apparently, considered Miss Matty Percival's claims to attractiveness until she had reached the age of forty-one, when a bachelor uncle in the West died, leaving her the neat sum of fifty thousand dollars and some Winnipeg real estate.

Then Springvale—especially the male portion thereof—suddenly awoke to the realization that Miss Matty's eyes were still bright, her cheek yet unfaded and her hair, the shade of burnished copper to which the few encroaching threads of grey, only added a touch of distinction. Formerly Springvale had alluded to her tresses as "nigh to red as could be." Her figure, heretofore "stiff and angular" was now merely erect and slim and her freckles were quite overlooked. A certain aloofness in her manner which had been "pride" before, now became nothing more than "reserve."

If the legacy had surprised Springvale, it had fairly amazed Miss Percival. She had not even been aware of her roving uncle's whereabouts. All of her life she had lived in Springvale and since her parent's demise, had continued to occupy the same humble and picturesque cottage on her own acre of ground at the extreme end of Springvale's Main Street. It was the smallest cottage in the village and the prettiest. A row of lilac bushes grew on either side of the tiny gravel-walk which led from her immaculate front steps to the small gate. A genuine Virginia Creeper spread its leaves and tendrils over the porch and tiny verandah, and a large bed of pansies adorned the square of grass plot. From the rear one caught an enticing glimpse of nodding hollyhocks and a hedge of sweet peas in a riot of color. A garden tended by Miss Matty's loving hands and never, on any account, given over to the care of another, flourished in the back lot, and over all the mild warm air and the scent of syringa in bloom proclaimed the month—June, and the weather—fine.

Miss Matty was weeding the garden, attired in a faded blue sunbonnet and a voluminous work-apron. It was the day after the great news had come to her and the city lawyer had just departed. Miss Matty wanted to get near to the heart of Mother Nature and ponder upon it all. Her fingers fairly ached to grovel in the soil. Three long professional calls from the lawyer, much signing of documents and conferring together in regard to stocks and bonds had filled up Miss Matty's day and the weeds had been growing as weeds alone, know how to thrive on neglect.

The latch of the front gate clicked and Miss Matty peered over the sweet pea hedge.

"Joe Holbrook!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"Good afternoon," called the visitor, over the lilac bushes

"What is it? Another telegram?" asked Miss Matty.

The station agent grinned rather foolishly.

"You needn't think of telegrams every time you see me, Matty Percival! Anyway you surely ain't expectin' any more windfalls so soon again, like that big one yesterday? What's the matter with me just making a friendly call?" Miss Percival looked regretfully at her unfinished weeding, sighed as she shook the dirt from her hands and walked around to the front.

"Come in the sitting room, Joe. It's cool in there. How's the children?"

"Oh, jest 'bout as usual. It's real warm today."

"Very warm."

"You seem kinder busy Matty. Didn't expect to see you working away so hard now that you're so well off. Goin' to stay in Springvale?"

"Why I suppose so, Joe I've made no plans yet," she added.

"Well, I congratulate you and hope you'll live long to enjoy your wealth. I—er—I s'pose you may even marry, eh?" This with a for-you-alone smile. Miss Percival did not perceive the ill-concealed anxiety in the query.

"No, indeed Why should I?" she asked.

"Do you mind what good friends we wuz at school, Matty? Mind how I uster carry your books home? As you know, I'm a lonely sort o' chap now, an' six children is a care since poor Ellen died." He sighed.

"I'm sure of that, Joe."

"How'd you like to marry me, Matty? I always liked you—"

"Marry you!" echoed the spinster, amazed.

"Why, yes, to be sure. Everybody seeks to better themselves."

"How would such a step better *me*?"

Miss Matty's question was none the the less caustic for being gentle.

Joe Holbrook flushed, looked puzzled and then retorted:

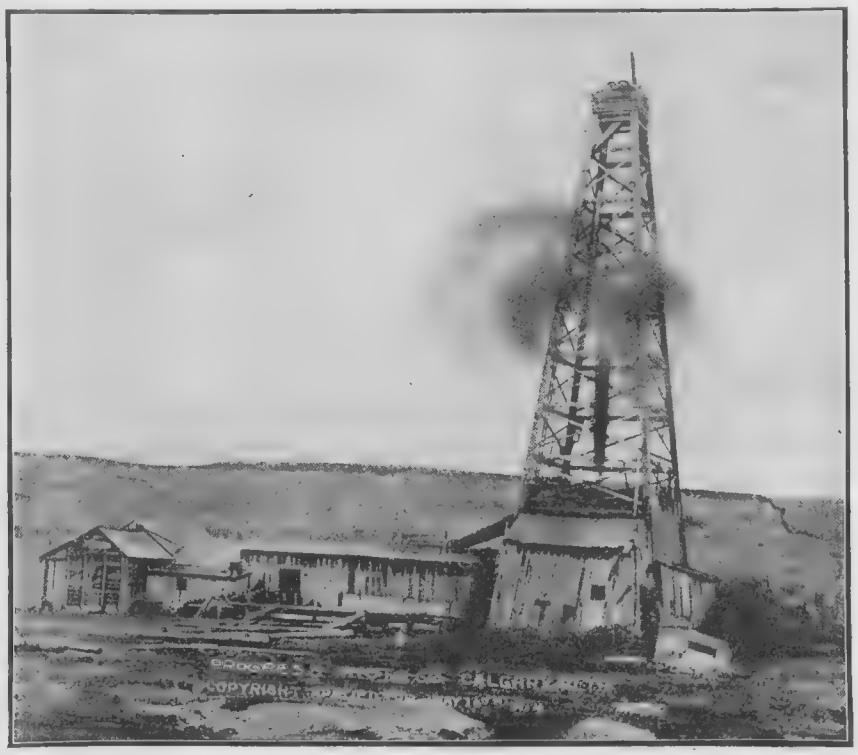
"Wall, I swan! Why, Matty, I thought wimmen wuz s'posed to—"

"To what?"

"Why to—to be onselfish!"

This reproof did not pierce the armor of Miss Matty's selfishness for she scarcely heard it. At that instant happening to glance from the window, she cried:

"I declare! If here isn't old Mr Titewad—the poor old chap—and he's right at the gate! I thought his rheuma-



The First Gush at the Dingman, May 15th. (See Article on Page 10)

Double-duty Boot for Farmers

For the farmer who works and shows his men how—here is a wet-and-wear-repelling boot that has no equal. Made by "know-how" Scotch experts, of best Scotch leather, waterproofed through and through, and is crack and rot-proof.
Style No. 1232

$9.50
Post Free in Canada

The Shrewsbury Canadian Boot, 10-in. long leg, another Dreadnought, post free in Canada.

Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

Direct from Scotch Maker to You

Norwell's make Boots and Shoes for every purpose, every occasion—for every member of the family and household. And the same wet-and-wear-resistance quality of leather is used throughout, expertly moulded in comfortable shapes by Scottish craftsmen.

Made like his Father's

Here is a boy's boot made with pith to stand the wildest and most reckless wear—and it is dressy, too. Sizes, 10-12, $2.50; 13-1, $3.00; 3-5, $3.25; 6-7, $3.50.

The Man behind the Boot guarantees complete satisfaction, or will return your money in full—every cent. He gives every consideration to every order, and the best value in the world every time.

When ordering state size, etc. and enclose money or express order.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Family Footwear—sent post free to any address.

D. Norwell & Son
DEPT. 2
Specialists in Good Footwear
PERTH - SCOTLAND
Established over 100 years. Trust the man behind the boot

INTERNATIONAL CLOTHING

SUITS for PROGRESSIVE MEN must be of good material, perfect in fit and style, ideally tailored, moderate in price—in a word, value all round.

YOUNG men particularly SEEK these four elements in SMART CLOTHING because this combination gives a sense of confidence and power, coupled with delight in wear, with no feeling of expensiveness.

KEEN appreciation of these primary needs is FOUND IN our INTERNATIONAL CLOTHING, which by reason of moderate price, brings good clothes within the reach of the most moderate purse.

EVERY satisfied, repeat-ordering customer, of the hundreds who have proved our clothing, has become our best advertisement. YOU should FORWARD a TRIAL ORDER, and thus join the list of our delighted patrons.

SEND AT ONCE for patterns comprising Fancy Worsted Suitings, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, and Superfine Serges. Price list and illustrated catalogue will be enclosed with particulars of our PERFECT SELF MEASURE SYSTEM, whereby we can fit as well as the city tailor.

Suits from 10 to 20 dollars in Fine Worsteds and Scotch Cheviots.

Carriage paid to your door.

Patterns post free to any address.

JOHN SYKES & CO.
Woollen Merchants and International Clothiers
Dept. B. CHANCERY LANE, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG

SAVE One-Seventh

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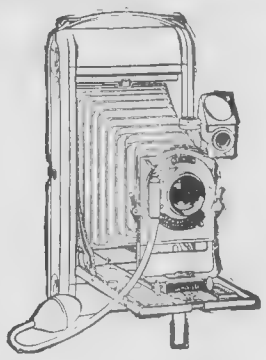

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tism kept him pretty well in the house!" She ran out and assisted the old man up the path and by the aid of her strong arm and his stout cane, he negotiated the three steps and sank puffing into a large rocker.

"This is Mr Holbrook," called Miss Matty into his ear trumpet, for the newcomer was shortsighted as well as deaf.

"Eh? Oh, yes, so I see. What's he doin' here?" peering malevolently at the station master.

Mr. Holbrook shifted uncomfortably and after a moment or two rose and took his departure, saying he would call again.

"Well," began the newcomer, a gruff old chap long past the three score and ten mile-post, "I see riches haven't turned your head Matilda Percival."

Miss Matty smiled and inquired after his health.

"Health!" grunted the old fellow, "why I'm as spry as a cricket. Never felt better!"

"That's good. I'm real glad to hear it."

"As I was saying," he continued, still in the loud tone used by deaf folk, "you're a sensible woman. No frills and furbelows! No fixin' of yourself up! Still in your working clothes, an' goin' on same as ever!"

"Why not?" smiled Miss Matty. " 'Twas only yesterday—"

"Eh?"

"I say why not? I've not had a moment to myself since the news arrived. Haven't had time to digest it yet."

"Digestion *what!*" he shrilled. "There ain't a thing wrong with my digestion. I tell you I'm as sound as you are if I *am* a little hard of hearing. An' I come here a'purpose to ask—to ask—"

"I can hear you," interposed the spinster, soothingly.

"To ask you to marry me!" he finished triumphantly

Miss Percival's mouth twitched, and she bit her lip.

"No, thank you," she said to the ear-trumpet.

"Eh? What? *No*, did you say? Why—why I thought you'd kinder jump at the idee! Me the ex-sheriff!" He paused open-mouthed and then went on:

"Mebbe you think I'm too old. Is that it? An' me not a day over fifty-nine!"

* * * * * *

"Oh! what a difference a few hours make!" mused the spinster in the seclusion of her bedroom that evening. "Yesterday I was a humdrum old maid, half forgotten, almost friendless, slowly sinking into age and uselessness. Today I am the belle of Springvale!"

She turned suddenly to her big trunk and commenced lifting out a number of dresses of a bygone era. Gay and girlish were they once, at the time her heart was gay and girlish and her hopes were high. The scent of lavender permeated the room as she unfolded them and shook them out, one by one.

"Old, old, hopelessly old—like my heart!" she murmured.

Long she sat by the open trunk and pondered. Then an idea which had been haunting her sub-conscious mind suddenly resolved itself into a decision. Miss Matty was no dallier. As quickly as she made up her mind, she set her plans moving She would go to Europe! She would be recklessly extravagant for once—seek to regain a fractional part of her lost youth and then—well, time enough to plan for the future afterward.

"None of these clothes will do, and my jewelry must be cleaned and repaired" she decided at length.

One small jewel case contained it all. When she had examined it she pressed the spring of the lower compartment, expecting to find it empty. There lay her lost youth-heart, her dear hopes, strangled at birth, her renunciated title-to-happiness—there in that chamber of memories.

She smiled the smile of an indulgent parent for a wayward child, smiled in commiseration for herself—that other self—as she fingered the dead rosebud gray and crumbling, and looked again upon the pictured face of a youth in the early twenties. Her eyes softened as she gazed. It had been the old story, a youth with his way to make in the world with nothing to offer her except his love, too proud to offer that alone—and a devoted daughter, the only child of her parents, remaining with them in their old age. She had heard no word of him since he had gone west to seek his fortune and the slow years had passed, bringing to her only her duty, her two bereavements and her loneliness. Perhaps—nay, certainly he was married; he might even be an old widower with six children, like Joe Holbrook, and, hearing of her good fortune might return one of these days and—

"And I would say no!" she cried aloud, "just as I did to the other fortune hunters."

Then she remembered that Bob was not like that He was not mercenary.

"He was the handsomest boy in Springvale—and the best," she murmured.

Then she hastily returned the picture and closed the jewel case.

* * * * * *

It was the evening before Miss Matty's departure, and on the small verandah of Lilac Cottage two steamer trunks, new and glistening, stood ready, packed and roped, for the expressman in the morning. Withindoors, everything had been put to rights, and the tenant herself, after a somewhat exhausting day, in which fully three-quarters of the population of Springvale had been to bid her farewell, was resting in a low seat, among her flowers. The soft pink glow of sunset was fading; in the eastern sky shone forth the first bright star while over the hilltops beyond Springvale Creek the full moon was rising. The frog-chorus, a few sleepy twitterings in the maple trees at the gate, a distant cow-bell and the faint, but ceaseless gurgling of the little creek as it babbled over its stones, beyond in the meadow—these were the only sounds. From the garden arose all the faint sweet fragrance of June flowers. Miss Matty felt indescribably lonely when she reflected that it would be late autumn ere she was back among the old scenes. Heretofore, the excitement of preparation and the anticipation of new experiences, alone, had engrossed her. The shriek of the train-whistle echoing up the valley roused her from her reveries. It must be nine o'clock now. She would gather a few sweet peas before it became too dark, to give to Betty Roland in the morning, for Betty was to take charge of the canary.

The sound of approaching footsteps fell upon her ear, in the midst of this pleasant task, and she halted instinctively to listen. Another Springvalian come at the last moment to bid her farewell? Who could it be now? Firm decided steps they were, steps of almost military precision. They stopped at her little gate The moonlight streamed down on the small gravel path making a broad band of gold at the end of which stood a man, a tal man in a grey suit with hat raised. Miss Matty advanced wonderingly.

"Good evening Is this where Miss Percival lives—Miss Matty Percival?" asked the stranger.

"It is. I am Miss Percival."

There was a slight pause, during which the stranger appeared to be searching her face Then he said:

"You don't remember me—Matty? You don't remember Bob Carveth—Red-head Bob?"

A sharp intake of breath on Miss Matty's part.

"Is—is this Bob Carveth?" she faltered.

"The same Not a whit changed. Same shock of red hair—with a little gray in it now, though; same as ever, otherwise! How are *you* Matty?"

A tumult of emotions had swept over Miss Matty, but she found herself at length and, laughing lightly—a laugh which sounded strange in her own ears—gave him a welcome.

"Come right in—Bob. It's dark out here. I'll light one of the—"

"Pray don't go to the trouble, Matty, Let us sit out-of-doors.

She pulled a chair forward on the verandah and as the stranger—for such he still seemed to be—was seated he noticed the trunks. She followed his glance and smiled.

"I am leaving for Europe in the morning."

"For—for Europe?" he echoed

"I have always wanted to go, always longed to see Europe," she replied, "but have never had the opportunity until—until now."

"Then I just got here in time!" he breathed.

"You are not changed in the least, Matty," he went on, "at least as far as outward appearances go."

"The moonlight is kind, Bob. I, too, have a few gray hairs."

"I have never married, Matty, and you, I take it, are single yet?"

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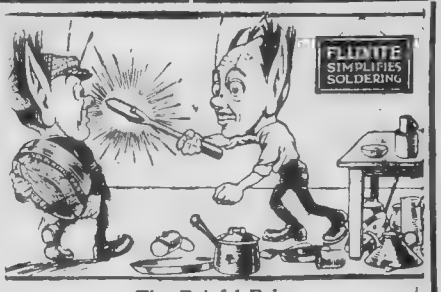

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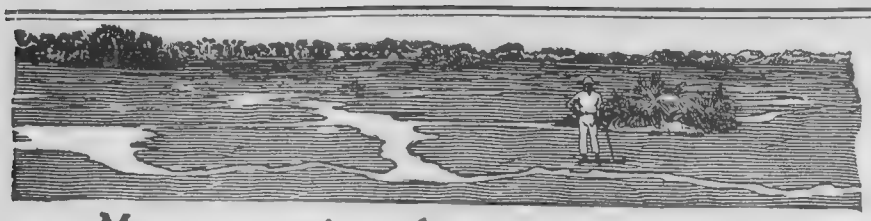

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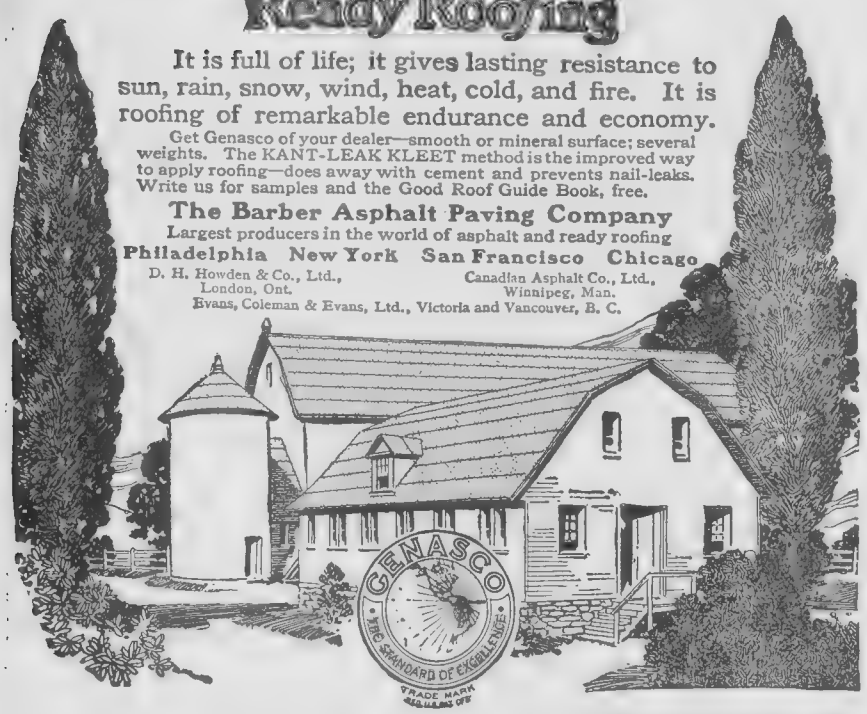

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Miss Matty laughed aloud—a girlish rippling laugh. It was truly the same Bob Carveth, blunt, to the point, matter-of-fact, yet withal exceedingly charming. The glance of his kind gray eyes was the same. His voice, awakening the old memories, was in no wise altered.

"Yes, Bob—still single and—likely to remain so."

"Not by a long shot, Matty! Not if I can help it!" he exclaimed. "I want you to marry me. That is why I am here. I have just arrived from the West tonight.

Miss Matty remained silent, and he continued in a low eager tone:

"You know I have always loved you. You know it, Matty. When I left Springvale twenty years ago, I hadn't one cent to rub against another. I was ashamed to offer you nothing You cannot ever know what it cost me to go away without —without telling you. I did not even say good-bye. Will you take me Matty, at this late hour? We can *both* leave for Europe to morrow!"

He leaned across until he could see her eyes. She looked at him long and steadily with a very strange expression in her brown orbs. Was it reproach, or sorrow, or pity, or scorn?

"And you too, Brutus!" she said at last.

"I, too?" he repeated, puzzled both by her tone and words. Could it be that she had changed after all!

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," she quoted, sadly. "Bob Carveth, you are the seventh man to propose marriage to me inside of a week!"

"You will have to explain, Matty. I don't get you.

"There is nothing to explain. Oh, Bob, why did you not tell me you loved me twenty years ago? I would have given up everything and been glad to work by your side. How mistaken men are in their estimate of women. And now—"

"Yes, now, Matty? Is it—am I too late? There is another?"

"There is no other Bob."

"Then why—"

"It's the money that is the big drawing card, is it not Bob?" she asked in a low hurt tone.

"Money? What money?"

"Don't pretend you haven't heard! The news is little more than a week old and already the whole county seems to know that Uncle Walter has left me fifty thousand dollars and a house in Winnipeg"

"It's news to *me*. Except for one man at the station who did not in the least know me, I have spoken to no one in Springvale but yourself."

"Then—then you had not heard?"

"I swear it. Besides—well, I don't want to brag but the occasion seems to demand it—I am worth a good many times that amount, Matty, myself. I own two ranches in Alberta and some very good Pacific Coast property. For years I was poor—desperately poor—and more than once I was about to flinch in the struggle. I held on however, and was rewarded. I think I can offer you a good home now, Matty—something like I know you deserve. Will you have me, Matty, old comrade?"

Just at this point, the moon, aider and abetter of all true lovers, passed under a cloud.

Several moments later Miss Matty's new-found laugh pealed out:

"Bob!" she exclaimed, "I have just remembered that old saying that two red-headed people ought never to marry"

'*W'e'll* risk it," said Robert Carveth.

Poetry and Poet

The Literary Editor was absorbed in precious and uplifting thought when the Horse Reporter trotted into his sacred seclusion.

"What would you say," inquired the Horse Reporter after the Lit. Ed. had been aroused to sublunary affairs, "if a man sent you in a verse of poetry that read like this?" and he lined off the following couplet:

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

The Lit. Ed. burst into roars of laughter—real horse laughs, they were—but the Horse Reporter stayed on the track.

"That's all right," he said; "but what do you think of it?"

"Did you write it?" hawhawed the Lit. Ed. "It sounds like several of yours that I had to decline. By Jove! old chap, you ought to stop trying to write poetry and stay with the ponies. Look at that rhyme—paw and maw. Why it sounds like children calling for their parents in dire distress."

"I didn't write it," the Horse Reporter explained humbly.

"Well, you ought to be glad you didn't. Who is the guilty wretch?"

The Horse Reporter smiled pleasantly.

"His name was Milton, first name John," he said. "You've heard of John, I guess. He was an Englishman, and those are the last two lines of a sonnet he handed out to Lord-General Cromwell in 1652. Look it up and see for yourself;" and the Horse Reporter pranced out of the sacred seclusion snorting with joy.

Selma, a town in North Carolina, was for a long time infested with tramps, says the New York Herald. It has at last found a novel and successful mode of getting rid of them. A railway runs straight through the town, and beside it for half a mile runs a street. When a number of tramps arrive in town they are gathered in by the police, and lined up at the town hall at one end of this street. Half a mile away stands a policeman at the other end. Then at a pistol shot the tramps race away for liberty.

All but the last man are allowed to keep on running as far as they will—so long as it is away from town. The last man is seized by the policeman and set to work on the roads.

A half-mile race on a heavy road is hard for a trained athlete. For an untrained and beer sodden tramp it is a torture; but with their feet winged by fear of work on the roads, the tramps puff and blow their hardest, and arrive at the terminus with aching sides and jaws, out of breath, and ready, but for fear of a seconf capture, to drop in their tracks and rest indefinitely. It is said no one of them has yet cared to repeat the experience.

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An Outrageous Will

By W. R. Gilbert.

She was as sweet as a June morning. Its early roses were in her cheeks; its evening skies colored her eyes under their straight black brows; and the suggestive shadows of its half forgotten night were thick in her black soft hair. She leaned close to the window and watched the flying landscape go by in a meaningless jumble of farm houses and fields and stretches of lonely woods. There were tiny puckers in her small round chin, and a mist of tears gathered before her sight to be shaken bravely away, and persistently return.

She was going over the whole tragic tangle again—the abominable will of her grandfather, who had just died in his nineties, which cut off the family without a penny—on one condition. She thought of the years of struggle to keep up appearances, of the debts contracted, the going beyond their means to give Ada, Tilly and herself a good start in the eternal feminine race towards the goal of comfortable matrimony—all in the expectation of her grandfather's thousands. And now these thousands were as if they had never been.

She saw the stricken whiteness of her father's face as the lawyer read the document, the tightness of his locked fingers, and her heart ached anew. And then she heard the dry voice reading that one condition—that abominable, silly condition, which gave the bulk of the Thornton fortune "—— to my beloved son James, on condition that his third daughter, Louie, shall marry, within one year the best man I have ever known—namely John McAllan. In the case of the death within the year of John McAllan, either before or after his marriage to Louie Thornton, this amount shall be divided equally between the said Louie Thornton and the said James Thornton, her father. In case of the death within the year of Louie Thornton, either before or after her marriage to John McAllan the whole amount shall go to my son John Thornton."

This was the strange bequest of her biassed half silly old grandfather, who had quarrelled with every member of the family save her father and herself, and thus he sought to traffic in such dainty flesh and blood, such a straight backed honest character as this pretty Louie who watched the landscape fly past the windows of the train.

Two months had passed since the reading of that will, and she had seen her father grow thin trying to find a way out of the labyrinth of debt, and facing a future of failing health. Not a word was said to the harassed girl, but she read the signs in the eyes of her good hearted, extravagant little mother, and she knew not where to turn.

And as for John McAllan—John McAllan of all men—the thought was abomination. How long had that name been a household jest in that merry, loving, easy going Thornton family? John McAllan the paragon, the idol of the childish old man, a "goody goody" a player for good graces!

The thought was a horror to the girl who though she had never seen this miracle of masculine perfection who formed the other end of her grandfather's love of travel, had heard him so highly extolled that he had become a plague. And to be sold like a slave, even though it be for her beloved father.

The tears fell faster and faster. What of her own fine dreams of romance—of a woman's right to love after her own fashion?

She was running away from it all, flying for refuge to the haven of Aunt Mercy's broad breast, and deep heart, away on the lonely farm, where she could think it all out, and could ask for comfort and advice. It might be that she could make the sacrifice; it might be that she couldn't, and would have to take advantage of that last doorway of escape, the grim clause "in case of the death of the said Louie Thornton." Louie pressed her face to the window pane, and stared out into the flying night. It seemed that the darkness was swallowing them up.

And then it happened without so much as a second's warning. The whole forward part of the carriage, rose upwards in a long slanting glide even before the awful shock crashed through the train, wavered from side to side, and curved over sickeningly to roll over with sound of splintering to dull the ears. Lights were wrenched out, and darkness swept in with momentary silence and cessation of motion. Then the humans in the broken mass of wreckage roared forth in terror and pain. Screams and cries, hoarse shouts of fear, strange noises of anguish, all combined to make the sudden stillness horrible.

To the pretty girl lying under a monumental weight that grew in volume every moment, it sounded like the cry of doom. But she was game and bit her lips upon her fright. At first she was too stunned to move, then as realization bore down upon her she was seized with panic, and struggled with every ounce of her strength to free herself from the crushing weight. Her hands beat on splintered wood across her breast, and her limbs were numb.

She heard people crawling about her, the rustle of garments, a little sound in the great sounds and at last she added her own helpless cry to the turmoil. "Father! Father! Father!" she pealed like a silver bell, high above the rest.

The rustle of garments near ceased, and a voice answered—a deep voice, calm and gentle. "Yes," it said, "Where are you?"

"Here!" she cried, "Here!"

A hand came groping in the darkness and touched her face, and her fingers frantically closed upon it.

"Are you hurt?" asked a voice, with an indescribable inflection of anxiety.

"I don't know," said Louie trying to calm her own wild tones, in deference to those quiet ones. "But—oh I can't move! I'm pinned down!"

"Then be still," said the voice (and suddenly the panic subsided as quickly as it had come) "and we'll see about it."

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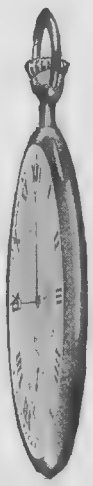

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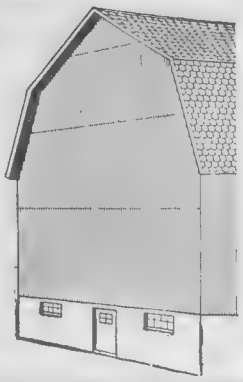

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The hand loosened itself gently from her clasp and felt down across her face, along her throat, over her breast, and stopped a fraction of a moment at the splintered bar. Then she heard it slipping over some huge flat surface above her senseless body.

"Now, just be as still as possible, and I will go for tools and help. When I call, answer. What shall I call you that you may know when to answer?"

"Louie," said the girl, giving unconsciously the name that had belonged exclusively to that good friend, her father.

"I'll be back soon," said the voice, and the hand found hers, held it hard a moment, laid it gently down, and then hand and voice were gone.

She tried to close her ears to the awful sounds, that were all about her, the screams, the voices calling on God, the blasphemies. She shut her hands hard and held on to her wits desperately though fear was shaking them like rags in the wind. And then out of the darkness, and the shouts, after what seemed hours, she heard the strong voice again and it was calling her.

He was coming back, and she heard some metal thing dragging after, as he crawled towards her.

"I found an axe," he said," and now I must have light. Can you hold matches for me?"

In the tiny flare that presently illuminated a weird space of the blackness she looked up to see strong shoulders huddled under a leaning canopy, mighty arms in shirt sleeves, and an axe that began to ring in short, hampered strokes upon the thing above her. But presently the man ceased, gave her another match and began trying to pry up with the short handle

"Why?" said Louie, fearfully.

"Steel," said the voice as the match went out.

Then came a time such as one lives but once—a time of rising excitement, of growing horror of uncertainty turned to despair, of facing the grim future all unprepared. From the forward end of the wrecked train began to grow upon the darkness a soft, faint light. It grew and spread, and horrible sights crept out of the gloom—still figures, pleading hands. A rising note of sound came with it a steady roar.

"Oh," said the girl faintly, "Fire!"

The man dropped the axe and blundered away into the coming light. Then, indeed, did all anguish open up for her. She beat upon the prisoning bar and screamed like all those others. She saw a man just beyond her who moved, seemingly just recovering his lost consciousness, and then she heard that strong voice somewhere out in the night crying in stentorian tones, "Helo! For God's sake, lend a hand here!"

But he cried to panic and lost wits, and none heard or answered of all those running futile creatures.

And then Louie knew that he was beside her again, that his arm was beneath her head, that his strong hand held hers, and that the light was bright all round them. She had lost a little space of time. His sleeves were in tatters. There was blood upon his arms, where he had fought with the steel wreckage; but the face that bent close over her was like that of a god in its tenderness and strength.

Deep brown eyes looked into hers with such high courage that the laboring heart within her, thrilled with answering life.

"Is it—death?" whispered Louie.

"Dear little girl," he said, with a catch in his tender voice, "I'm afraid it is."

"Oh" said Louie, and there flashed into her mind that grim clause, "In the case of the death of the said Louie Thornton."

"Then," she said bravely, "you must hurry and go, though I want you to know that you—you have helped." She looked up into the brown eyes with her own frightened blue ones.

The light was a glare, and in it she saw the man she had noticed, and he was above her crawling towards the light like some dazed helpless animal. His hand was on her breast, for he must pass over her to escape. She uttered a cry at the added weight, and then she saw the arm in the tattered sleeve shoot out, and the crawling creature go backward into the wreckage. As he disappeared a suit case reared under his knee and she saw distinctly, with an unnatural clearness the words printed on its end; John McAllan, Glasgow, Scotland.

She closed her eyes and shuddered—so that was what she had run from—that crawling white faced thing! But the deep voice was speaking in her ear, and she turned her mind to it.

"Little girl," it said softly, "I don't know who you are nor to whom you belong, but I want to tell you something. In moments like these, we strip life of all save elemental things, and within this hour I have found my heart's haven—in your sweet eyes—tell me—do you belong to anyone else?"

"No," said Louie

"Then—look at me—long, dear—you are my one woman, since time was, I know you by the heart in me. If we were to be spared we would have a long rose hued life ahead of us. As it is—who knows?—we may yet live, and love in those fields that bloom with eternal spring—the land of the Great Beyond, at any rate we will go together."

The lips quivered pitifully, and gently the man stooped and laid his own upon them The heat was growing unbearable, there was no air to breathe and in this wonderful moment, when life and death offered her a full cup each, Louie felt her senses leaving her, strive as she might.

"You — you — would — die with me?" she whispered incredulously

"Yes," said the deep voice softly, "and may we wake together. Good night, sweetheart"

She raised an arm and slipped it about his bare throat, even as the world of light and heat faded out with the gleam of metal that looked like a short revolver in the man's hand.

"Good night," she said

* * *

She was conscious of vast coolness, of water that seemed to flow along her breast and arms, of tingling life in her numbed limbs, and then of some soft thing that held her. Presently she knew that it was human arms, tender arms that eased her and that a voice was speaking from far away, a strong familiar voice.

"Louie!" it was calling. "Louie! little girl!" and obediently she answered "Here."

"Thank God!" whispered the voice with a catch in it. "Oh, thank God; John McAllan is favored of the gods this day!"

She came back to the good earth, and the cool night with a bound.

"John McAllan!" she gasped. "Who—who is—he?"

"Me," said the voice ungrammatically. "Whom do you think?"

But Louie only smiled drowsily at the hurrying figures below them at work about the wreck of the train.

"How ——?" she asked in a feeble ecstacy.

"Gang came just in time. And now there are the fields terrestrial and the rose hued life. How about it, little girl? Am I not right?"

"Yes," said the girl contentedly; "as I know you always are. You're the best man grandfather ever knew,—and he was right."

"What?" shouted the strong voice.

But Louie had drifted away on a golden tide of sleep, the gift of outraged nature, who knew she could bear no more.

'You may fall in love with anything, but keep on falling in love. What a beautiful thing it is! What a transformation comes with it! I have seen again and again a girl who, from the ordinary point of view, had no lines of beauty to admire, but when 'Mr. Right' came, it was a wonderful change that came over her. She became really beautiful. If only she could persist in falling in love that girl would remain young for ever. But girls don't; that is why they grow old. Fall in love continually. I know nothing more important than this to prevent men and women from getting into the sere and yellow leaf.

"If you are married, why, the thing is simple—all you have to do is to fall in love over again with your husband or your wife. I know of no better cure for sickness, no better prevention of old age, than perpetual falling in love.

"Don't grow old without having fallen in love. In India no woman is allowed to remain unmarried, but I say to you no woman ought to be married unless she has fallen in love. If she cannot fall in love, she ought to be drowned, for men and women who are worthy of life ought to be capable of this divine sensation. Practise it on something or somebody."—Dr. Josiah Oldfield in the "Gentlewoman."

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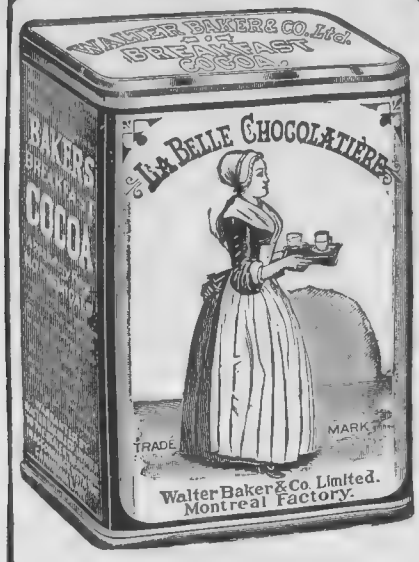

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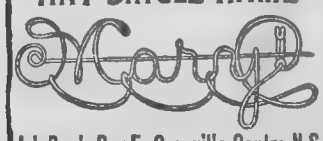

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Obedience

Conscience sends a rush of blood to the heart of a girl when she decides to disobey the law of purity—a warning that mental, moral and physical pain will follow.

When men and women temptingly offer the fruit of fraud, the girl who places her trust in Divine guidance, obeys the law of Right and escapes the misery of remorse. The girl who loves her work and pays strict attention to it is pretty safe anywhere. Obedience to the law of cleanliness creates health. Nature demands rest and sleep, yet girls spend the hours of night dancing and chasing a good time and wonder why they are tired in the morning. They give their employer only left over energy. I have watched girls gradually lose health, ambition, and finally position—simply because they did not spend more of their evenings in their rooms.

On the other hand, I have watched girls work their way up to success because they entered the office mornings fresh and rested, full of determined ambition. Nature punishes neglect. Every girl, in a record more indelible than one written in ink, is writing her biography through her thoughts and actions.

When I see a woman in middle life with fretful lines disfiguring her face, I read the record of a disagreeable life. There are few secrets in our lives. All that we say and do proclaims what we are. All that we think and plan is written on our faces and in our actions.

To be sure there are patent leather manners—a veneer of manners put on to please certain people—smiling outsides—but the surface will crack when the wear comes.

Have you failed? What did you obey?

* *

Canadian Girls

Out of Vancouver, B. C., rather than Paris or Vienna, comes the world's newest and brightest grand opera star—Mme. Louise Edvina—Paris this year is raving over her. A few years ago she was known as Marie Martin. In private life she is Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwards, the sister-in-law of Lord Kensington.

In Toronto, Winnifred Kingsford — a woman sculptor — after five years of study in Paris, is making rapid progress in the sculptor's art.

This year, while teaching my little girl to read, I found the first reader unusually attractive. I have since learned that the book was written by a Canadian young woman — Miss Margaret Bemister. It is no little effort to use three hundred and sixty words in ninety-six lessons and at the same time introduce a new ide in every lesson and make it interesting. Miss Bemister has also written the Thirty Indian Legends used in the supplementary readers of Western Canada. She has recently been asked to write stories for the readers to be used in the state of New York.

A Calgary girl invested one hundred and sixty five dollars recently and sold her investment for fifty-four thousand—luck, was it?—perhaps so, but a clever insight into possibilities I would add.

This month a Canadian court stenographer passed into eternity and many prominent people say her place will be hard to fill—her services were unusually valuable. She added dignity to her work and was a high type of business woman. There is always room at the top.

* * *

Activity

At the beginning of terms in business colleges, night classes and other places of learning, girls enter full of determination to attend regularly. Soon outside influences gradually tempt the girls to "miss a lesson" and after one is missed it is so easy to drop out permanently.

This is a most discouraging feature of the work among teachers. There are girls who have entered business colleges three or four times—only to leave when they got a bit tired. These girls are too trifling to succeed. Ellen Terry, famed so many years for her beauty and ability, is now sixty-six years old, but she has just started on an extensive lecture tour of Australia and New Zealand. She is one of the women who believes that life is prolonged and youth retained by activity.

* * *

"Won't Power" in Dress

Denver school girls have voted to limit the cost of their dress s to eight dollars. Financial distress in homes is not caused so much by the high cost of living as the high cost of associating with foolish companions. I listened to the conversation of two girls and one talked continually of what she had and what she was going to have. The little words "my or mine" began with her boots and like Jack's bean stalk, grew so high and mighty that the little companion girl felt very tiny and insignificant. As soon as she reached home she complained of her limited supply of clothes and the mother spent many tired hours trying to convince the girl that character accomplishes more than clothes. In Poland school girls are compelled to wear their hair back from their faces. They are also forbidden to wear jewelry. An experienced clerk said recently that the customer she most dreads to serve is the sixteen-year-old girl; that the customer she pities most is the mother of a sixteen-year-old girl who is shopping with her daughter.

Two young girls came to me the other day—one was fourteen the other sixteen—the younger one, dressed modestly, had probably been coaxed away from home by the sixteen-year-old, whose face was daubed carelessly with a cheap cosmetic. The intoxication that is created by unnecessary and indecent dress is just as disastrous to the mind as that crazed by drink.

The stand that the W.T.T.U. recently took in condeming some of the present styles in dress is highly commendable. "Won't power" counts as much as will power.

* * *

Women Leaders

Miss Nettie Huff, vice-president of the Kansas City Woman's Commercial Club, is leading a movement to erect an office building to be used exclusively by women. The building will contain everything, from a bank run by women to a beauty parlor also in charge of women. New York is to have another hotel for the exclusive use of business women.

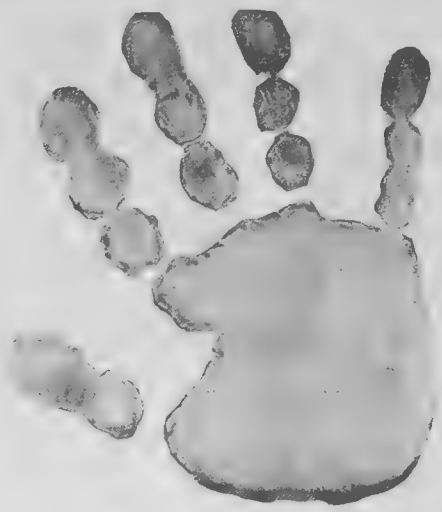
Mrs. Ernest Hart, the woman scientist of England, who discovered the new system of waterproofing which makes washable bank notes possible, is the presiding genius in a factory which is erected in London to carry through some of the chemical processes she has perfected. These, and other items, indicate that women are in the business world to stay and are capable, constructive and determined.

Mrs. Imogene Clarke, of Denver, Colo., assistant superintendent of the state free employment bureau, believes that cooks should learn to cook. She will ask the state to open a free cooking school in connection with its free employment bureau, and every girl who applies for a place in general housework must take a course in cooking and general housework.

* * *

Needlework vs. Needy-work!

There are women who think another one is idle when she reads a book or magazine or paper. When I was in the home of a certain aunt she seldom allowed me to read, but on the other hand, insisted on my doing fancy work when I had finished the house work. I spent days cutting stripes of silk for quilts that later furnished food for moths in a dark closet. I spent hours punching holes in doylies that soon wore out. In



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The "Air Cell" Washer

her estimation this useless slavery to the needle was industry. If she caught me reading I felt as if I had committed a crime. There are women who gossip over embroidery hoops and criticize other women they see with books and pen. Now I like to see fine needlework and believe it is a necessary part of a girl's training—but when it means a sacrifice of brain cultivation it is an element of weakness.

Women are cultivating mind strength these days and this means more than the view through an embroidery hoop.

Miss Fern Hobbs, a governess at one time, is now Private Secretary to the Governor of Oregon. She looked beyond the eye of a needle to a bigger field of industry. To-day she represents personally the Governor on important state affairs. Last November she spent thirty days in Washington, D. C., where she went as a representative of the Governor to adjust a number of long standing claims of the state, and which involved millions of dollars. Her thorough knowledge of the matters under consideration and her business like manner surprised the officials and members of the Cabinet. We are living in an age when more is required of woman than a knowledge of needlework. Mind training creates inspiration, and inspiration makes woman's personality more powerful in influencing men to master difficulties in the world of work.

* * * * *

Emergency Fare

At midnight I heard a quarrel near my home last week. They were on a motor cycle. She was at the mercy of his will. His will declared that he would not take her home. She pleaded with him in her helplessness as she had no carfare.

A girl should never go any place with anyone unless she provides herself with car fare for use in emergency. An automobile usually carries a fifth wheel. Emergency fare should be carried by every girl for one can never tell what may happen.

* * *

Christian with a Capital

Last month I noticed with keen regret that the word Christian on my page was not capitalized. As it occurred more than once the error seemed unpardonable. I would have my readers know that I believe in beginning the word Christian with a capital; also the word Godly.

* * *

The Work of Girls in Winnipeg's Department Stores

An excellent report on the work of women and girls in the department stores of Winnipeg has just been published by the civic committee of the University Women's Club of Winnipeg.

The University Women's Club is one of the most active organizations in the city and is a promising power for intellectual influence in Winnipeg. The club has been most fortunate in the choice of President as Mrs. R. F. McWilliams is a brilliant woman, progressive in her ideas and a woman of large constructive ability—an ideal executive leader. The success of a club is influenced to a great extent by the personality of its leader and to Mrs. McWilliams is due the credit of the unusual prosperity of the University Club.

The report of the conditions in the departmental stores is convincing evidence of the ambition and sincerity of the women who belong to the club.

The report is based on investigation in T. Eaton Co., Hudson Bay Co., Robinson & Co., and Carsley & Co. stores.

I quote the following from the report:

Your committee desire to call attention to two general conclusions which they have drawn from their inquiry. First, that the wage of saleswomen, particularly of experienced saleswomen, is about the same in all four stores, for where the actual figures differ other indirect additions bring it up to the general level. Second, saleswomen of average efficiency in Winnipeg are earning at least nine dollars a week.

It is perfectly true as so often reported that there are girls earning five, six, seven and eight dollars a week, but in every industry there must be an apprentice stage and these figures represent that stage. More than one manager told us that he did not want six dollars a week girls, he wanted efficient saleswomen who would earn the higher wage but he had to train the younger girls for these positions. Your committee have no conclusive figures as to the number earning each wage, but from the departments examined in detail your chairman is of the opinion that these lower paid workers constitute only a fair and legitimate percentage of the whole. They are practically unskilled workers who are being given an opportunity to enter the skilled group.

The beginning point of the wage paid to girls working a full day is $5.00 a week. There is at least one woman earning $50.00 a week and there are probably half a dozen others approximating this point but these are the exceptional women. For the great mass of saleswomen the high point is probably $20 a week and the general average of the experienced and efficient first grade saleswomen may be found between fifteen and eighteen dollars.

* * * * *

Hardships of the Occupation

There are three principal ways in which the work of department stores bears heavily upon the women and girls employed therein: first, the constant standing; second, the bad air; the third, the nervous tension.

With regard to the first which is by far the greatest hardship, we have already given the provisions of the excellent law of the province. Were the provisions enforced, and could the customers be educated to the point of being sometimes served by a clerk who was seated, this hardship would practically disappear from Winnipeg stores.

The second hardship is one which is found in many public buildings other than the department store, and will probably not disappear until our methods of ventilation are completely revolutionized. The hardship generally bears with most severity on the cashiers of the tube system, who, as a rule in large stores, work in the basement. Only one store here has girls so working, and an effort is made to help relieve this strain by having them work week about in the basement and in an upstairs office.

This particular group suffer an additional strain from the glitter of the brass tubes and the constant noise. Your committee suggest that this strain might be relieved by painting the tubes, and that some system of periodic rest, such as is afforded telephone operators, should be arranged.

The ordinary shopper probably does not appreciate the extent of the nervous strain under which saleswomen suffer. To begin with, they must work at high pressure to keep up their sales because their wage and their promotion generally bear a fairly direct relation to the amount of sales. The saleswoman must be able to turn readily from one form of sale to another and to make out quickly the requisite sale slips. There are pay and take, C.O.D., deposit account, transfer and charge sales, all requiring different methods. Moreover, in each sale several operations are involved. There is the handling and measuring of the goods, the clerical work and the return of money or parcel or both to the shopper. In all these things speed and accuracy are the first consideration. This hardship is incidental to the business, and can only, your committee think, be lessened by the thoughtfulness of the individual shopper who too often does not realize all that is involved in a seemingly simple operation, and so increases the tension by displaying irritation.

To these hardships may be added the lack of a rest room in these stores which do not maintain one.

Your committee have interviewed a number of employees in each store, most of them being those who had spent some time in the service of the firm, and have found, on the whole, the details of life in the stores are given by the managers corroborated from this different viewpoint. They have also found a general loyalty to the firm which speaks well for conditions in the stores, this loyalty existing even where suggestions for improvement of conditions were freely made. With one exception the women interviewed expressed the opinion that some training preliminary to entering the store would greatly benefit those who

enter this part of the industrial world. There was a general feeling also that the opportunities for advancement were continually offering for the woman who had made herself thoroughly efficient. In fact, the belief appears general that the advancement is limited only by the limitations of the individual, and that the department store offers a big field for women. It is a feature of the stores in Winnipeg that very rapid advancement may be hoped for owing to the frequency of marriages in this Western country.

Another difficulty encountered by women employed in the department stores, as, indeed, by all women working in Winnipeg, is the difficulty of finding suitable rooming or boarding houses. It would be impossible to overstate this difficulty, and stories so appalling as to be almost unbelievable have been told by different women of their experience in the search of a home.

The second suggestion arises out of the dearth of proper boarding houses for the business women of the city. In this situation your committee believe lies a real danger to the community. We have heard with great satisfaction of plans which have been made by another woman's organization for the erection of hostels, and hope that the fulfilment of the project will not be long delayed. But we beg to suggest that in the meantime a great service would be rendered if some body of women interested in community service in Winnipeg would compile and maintain a list of boarding houses to which business women might with safety be recommended. The existing situation is one not peculiar to Winnipeg. One of the largest stores in Philadelphia maintains a woman official whose duty it is to keep a watchful eye on the boarding houses which shelter employees of this firm. The results obtained from this inspection have so impressed the manager of one of our large stores that he is considering introducing it here. It seems to your committee that if the Local Council of Women which from the large number of women it could reach would have special facilities for doing this work, could be induced to prepare a list of proper boarding houses of varying standards and place that list at the disposal of the business women, it might accomplish much good for the community pending the erection of proper hostels.

An Old Man's Idea

For a long time after Elizabeth was called home I didn't care what happened. We had walked together, in all the intimacy that farm life develops in two congenial hearts, for nearly 40 years, and I gave scant attention to the farm or its needs for many months after she left me alone. I did engage a housekeeper. She was an elderly woman whom I had known from the time when she, a little white-haired child, had attended the old red schoolhouse under the hill at the Corners ith me. She was a good woman, silent like myself, but kind and companionable in many ways.

My son ran the farm during those dreary months, and I know now that he probably imbibed some ideas of ownership then when I simply could not hold up my end of the work and bargaining.

Then, all of a sudden, he told me he was going to marry. I had seen the girl, a milliner in a neighboring town. He proposed that she come and keep house for us both, and that we share the income of the farm. Not yet fully recovered from the shock of my wife's sudden going, I acquiesced, but no bargain was made; just a sort of verbal agreement.

Well, she came. Everything went well for a time. The housekeeper left and my daughter-in-law was given full charge. I did not find fault with her, but I couldn't help feeling that she was greedy once in awhile. We halved the profits, but I always footed all the bills for repairs, for new farm articles, for household stuff, and I paid board money also. These things came little by little. Each month something more seemed to be required of me until finally I found I had no more money left out of my share for my personal expenses and for a nest egg for the future ones. I told my boy so one day.

He said that as he, a strong, stout six-footer, in the best of health and strength and was doing the most of the work he considered that he was only receiving a just due. Then a child came to them. I had been occupying a small suite of rooms, but my daughter-in-law now wanted these for herself and the child, and one day while I was away she removed all my property and furniture to some less desirable rooms and took these for herself and the little one. My wife's small belongings had all been tucked away into a chest, and somehow this set me to thinking.

To make a long story shorter, I walked over to my former schoolmate's one day and asked her to marry me.

I often think of what my old grandmother used to say: "Thomas, there never was a house built that was big enough for two families to live in—in peace."

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The Exchange of Children

Edward S. Martin

They have a family custom in some parts of Europe—in Denmark and Switzerland more particularly—of swapping children for a while. They think in Denmark that it is not good for a child who is soon to earn its own living to live all the time at home. We recognize the same sentiment when we send our boys and girls to boarding school. We want them to get a wider experience of life than they could get at home, to be thrown somewhat more on their own resources, to be quit for a time of the imperfections of our training, and get a training of some other kind, which though doubtless imperfect, will have the stimulating effect that comes from variety. But boarding schools are expensive and the great majority of parents cannot afford to send their children to them.

The Danes and Swiss meet that difficulty by this practice of swapping children. The Copenhagen grocer, loath that his boy should be altogether city bred, sends him off for a season to a good farmer whom he knows and trusts, and takes the farmer's boy into his own family in his place. The grocer's boy gets a good taste of country life, learns that potatoes do not grow on bushes nor cabbages on trees, and finds out that Copenhagen isn't the whole world and that there are other industries besides the grocery business. The farmer's boy has his wits sharpened by rubbing up against a town. He makes himself useful in the grocer's shop, learns to sell goods and add up accounts, and is a brighter man, and a better man of business, in consequence. And it may be that the grocer's boy will develop so strong a taste for agriculture as to turn farmer, or the farmer's boy show such an aptitude for trading that he will prefer to follow that pursuit. So the interchange helps in the important work of suiting employment to taste and getting the round pegs in the round holes and the square pegs in square ones.

In Switzerland this kind of exchange is practiced not only as a means of broadening experience, but of learning languages. South Switzerland speaks French, North Switzerland German. Children from the southern cantons are sent north, and vice versa, and start presently on their modest careers with two languages at least at their service. To the same special linguistic end Swiss children are sent to Germany, and others to England, for Switzerland is a land of inns, taking a huge annual tribute from its neighbors in Europe and from America, and the ability to speak to every tourist in his own tongue has a definite money value to a wage-earning, or trading Swiss.

In all the European countries which support great military establishments and require military service from most of the young men, an effort is made to make this enforced service yield as useful a change as possible and serve a valuable educational turn. In France especially, where all able-bodied young men, except a few that are exempt, must serve three years in the army, pains are taken to send Paris recruits to the country, where some of the poison may be worked out of their systems and to send the country boys to Paris, where their peasant sluggishness may be quickened by new and stimulating sights. Officers are actually detailed to take squads of the country recruits to the Paris art galleries and museums. Think of that; how French it is, and how admirable.

Schoolmasters and other enlightened people on the French-German frontier exchange child for child—a French boy for a German, girls sometimes—and each family not only in time gets back its own with interest, but meanwhile, by laboring and studying and looking after and loving an alien child, gets to know better and think more kindly of the nation to which that child belongs. Sovereigns marry their children to the sons or daughters of other sovereigns, largely for the sake of strengthening the ties between the nations, and increasing the inducements to keep the peace. In a smaller way these migrations of children serve the same purpose.

During the recent visit to Paris of members of the English parliament, the question of sending French children to live for a time in England and of bringing English children to France, was several times touched upon. Something of that sort is already being done in commerce. A certain great shop in Paris has free courses in English for its clerks, and those that are the most successful in these courses are sent to London for six months and placed in some shop there. French industrial firms often exchange young clerks with London houses in the same line of business. A number of excellent French schools give free tuition to English pupils on the sole condition that they speak English with the other pupils so many hours of the day. This system is in vogue in many English schools. The younger the children are sent away, the quicker will be their progress in the foreign tongue.

I wish we could have in our own country somewhat more of this shuffling of the little cards in the world's great pack. Something like the swapping of children from one home to another goes on now in the summer on a great scale, when children from the cities are sent away from the hot streets to be guests in the homes of farmers. It is not quite like the Danish and Swiss system, because the visits are short and the hospitality as yet one-sided. The city children get into the country for a while, but the country children don't come to town. There is not on any large scale an exchange of advantages, but only a great provision of country hospitality to city children.

I don't know how we can mend that. Yet lots of the country children might come to town and visit with profit and with pleasure, even though they slept in bunks, or suffered all the hardships of congested flat life. Very likely the country child would find such hardships extremely entertaining, and get as much fun out of sardine-box living as over-indulged civilized people get out of picnics. The old-time country boy who came to town to work in a store slept under the counter, but that was in the days of fewer people and simpler things. I wish the country children might come to town more. The country boys ought to have a chance to compare the perils of the crush hours on the cars with the perils of sharing pasture lots with angry bulls. And then the street crossings where crowds and carriages and trolley cars mingle in confused and deadly unconcern! I know a boy who comes to town for his vacations from a country school and who finds the street cars vastly entertaining, but whose heart sinks at the prospect of crossing a down-town street. It takes weeks for a country child to learn, and dare to cross a crowded street.

It is good for a child to make visits even in its own neighborhood. The last time Bettina had a bad cold that would not break up, her grown-up cousin came one day and carried her off to spend a week. She only went a mile away. She kept on with her school and all her other lessons But she got into a new atmosphere, where the indoors air was a trifle different, where the touch of a new cook gave variety to the food, where new topics prevailed in the talk, and where there was no sister Katherine who felt qualified by three years' longer experience in life to usurp the authority of an older person, and irritate her by suggestions about her conduct. She came back cured of her cold and revived in her spirits.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

As Far West as You Can Go Without Wetting Your Feet

By Bonnycastle Dale

WE were ploughing along merrily—yes, ploughing with a very wet fo'c'sle, a sloshing deck and a spray-spattered bridge.

"Which would you rather ride on?" I asked my companion as I pointed at a "finny" that constantly rose on our port quarter

"You take the fish. I'll stick to this old plunger," he answered, meaning the "Tees," as wet an old walloper as ever stuck her uncertain nose into a howling norther. Of course, his Natural History was a bit weird, as a whale is a mammal, but his choice showed sense as the rival racer constantly disappeared into the depths of the sea.

We were still westward bound, we had thought in our simplicity that Calgary was West, then Vancouver had appealed to us as the "dropping off place" Victoria, an eighty mile run across the Gulf of Georgia, was yet nearer the setting sun. Then we heard of Tofino—where, oh where was Tofino? Away out along the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where Captain Cook in 1776 first sailed eastward along this huge Island of Vancouver, just four years after Captain Vancouver had discovered the island that now bears his name. Look at it as we plunge and wallow past it, a red rocky shore, prolific green forests up to the timber limit, and then range after range of great mountain chains that form its backbone. Full an hundred and fifty miles we fought it out with that so'-wester; the whale had long since distanced us. At times I wildly imagined we were going to dive after it. But no, the sloppy old Tees would emerge triumphant, but very wet and glistening. While I was wringing myself out a bit the Captain came up and told us that the Maquinna would be on the run the next trip. A lot of good that would do us. Maquinna! Maquinna! what or who was Maquinna. Yes! I have it, that was the name of the old chief Captain Cook met at Nootka where he first landed. A truly appropriate name, even if they have altered the sex, and call this the Princess Maquinna. All the C.P.R. boats out here are Princesses.

Caught in Clayoquet Sound

S.S. "Tees" at Toferio, B.C.

"There's a lighthouse," called Fritz. Sure enough; Lennard Island light perched away up on the rocky island. We headed straight for the shore, a frightful surf was beating on it. Now her head eases a bit, a channel opens, and in we roll into Clayoquot Sound along Templar Channel into a great series of sheltered fiords and arms and bays all spattered with forested islands. The month was May, and the wild fowl flew up in great flocks as our steamer advanced.

It is truly remarkable how the pioneers ever progress to the westward. One would surely think that the romantic Nova Scotia, the agricultural Quebec, well settled Ontario, the virgin prairie, the Fraser Valley, the Coast, or at last Victoria, amid her flower beds, would have attracted and held the men and their families that people these far distant places. But, no. It seems we must go on until the very earth fails us, and perforce then choose the farthest West, lest we wet our feet.

We drew up at the wharf at Clayoquot. When I was here last 1900, all the settlers seemed to be gathered right about Stubbs Island. A good hotel and a first class general store really were Clayoquot, and are yet with an addition of the postal and telegraph offices, a few houses and the miniature empty prison. All else, save the Indian village or rancherie and the Catholic

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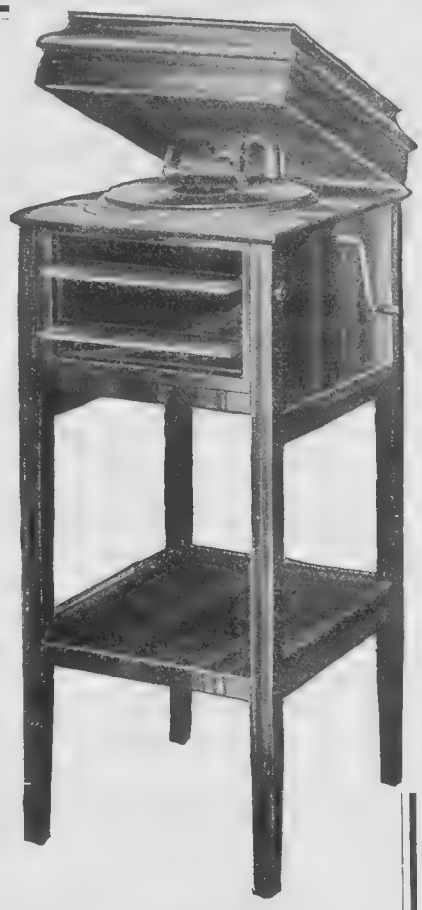

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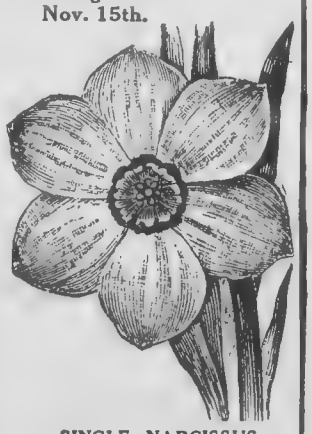

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A young specimen of the King of Birds and yea, verily, the King and Court of Parasites

Church mission over under the shadow of Catface Mountain. But look a mile east, where the green hemlock forest held sway, then a well cleared townsite showed now. We eagerly seize our glasses, for these new towns always possess intense interest for us who have seen the West battled for and won against the forest and the sea. Yes! Tofino is quite a place, as the crowd of passengers aboard led me to guess. Ten minutes later, and the Tees is tied up at a first class wharf. You wonder why I enumerate as common a thing as a wharf. Remember I am telling you of the last west, the last bit of land to conquer. Trim houses, busy stores, restaurants, life-saving station and town-hall, the "man nests" of some two hundred inhabitants away out here on the West Coast of Vancouver Island!

Many an interesting sight met our eyes during our stay on the West Coast. Right outside thundered the Pacific, sending into shelter many an odd craft. Look at the sealer from far off Japan. The treaty was not then signed, and the slant eyed sons of the Orient as nimbly pursued the fur seal as they now do the herring and the salmon, driving out the white man from these pursuits all along the coasts of British Columbia. The intense energy of this race, their clannishness, their frugality, saving and code of honor, purely Japanesque, make them most dangerous trade rivals. The quiet, inoffensive East Indian is inocuous beside them. But the natives, the original Coast Indians, speaking their Chinook jargon, and daring the misnamed Pacific, still take their toll of the furbearers. In the then open season, before the restriction of the new seal hunting law, it was the sport of a lifetime to go out with a couple of these Coast men, and hunt the fur seal on the open sea. Your cedar log canoe looks very small out there, even if it is thirty feet long, and if you have ever had the experience of "paddle splashing" a hundred gallon comber out, one that had sullenly lipped over the side as you slept on the dark sea, far out of sight of land, with bow anchor out and set everything slopping! Next morning with a bright sun over dreaded Cape Flattery way, and the seal drifting along within easy shot—not an easy shot either, and the dark-skinned hunter in the bow had to hit the head fairly, or he lost the beast. Then the rattle of paddles, the wild cries of the men as the long sleek thing was hauled in, and then the breakfast. I will send you some, my reader, wherever you are, if you will promise to eat it—pilot bread (a sort of sea biscuit) soaked in whale oil. This whale oil smelled entirely different from Cashmere Bouquet. It had a bouquet all right, all right. When I tell you that a single drop of this rancid oil spilled on the canoe stank to beat any and all bands all the day long you can quite imagine why Fritz and I took pilot bread plain.

Deer there are in great numbers. See the one on the rocky shore. Bears and eagles too, and further up on the island mighty bands of noble elk. Fish, is it about fish you are asking me? All kinds of them, even Devil Fish. You have read of these "terror of the seas" (believe me they are just about as dangerous as a canful of worms), and we have handled and taken many of them, but the cod and sea-running trout fishing, the steelhead fishing and the commercial salmon fishing is good enough to satisfy any man.

I want you especially to look at the picture of the Tofinoites playing football on the hard sand beach at low tide. The day will come when these celebrated beaches will be used for auto racing. Long Beach is eight miles long, clear, hard-packed sand. Wreck Bay is four miles long, and, strange to say, the black sands are not or' good for race tracks, but contain the metal that attracts us sons of men—gold, flour gold, crushed and powdered by the million ton breakers of a thousand years. I think a magnetic dredge plant could gather it in commercially valuable quantities.

"What is that?" queried Fritz, as we paddled around a point, and came in view of a group of buildings. "That" is a salmon hatchery, which turns out between five and ten million young fish a year, and right over there is a salmon cannery that can put up ten thousand cases per year, so you "pays your money and takes your choice"—young salmon or canned salmon—as the guide told the tourists when he showed them the two skulls. "Look, sir! the skull of St. Patrick at fifteen years of age, and here's his skull when he was forty"—again you "pays your money," etc., etc.

Pelts of the Hair Seal

We went over and interviewed the courteous Father in charge of the R.C. Mission. What a world of good and comfort, sweet charity and brotherly love this great church scatters among the natives all along this coast. Ay, and I have seen also a Presbyterian building his little native school himself—all for the love of the Master. What a contrast to the bitter quarrel between Catholics and Protestants in old settled Ireland. Surely I must have it all topsy turvy. There must be many gods. Both these grand old churches cannot serve the One and yet deny the other man's right to worship as he will. And to add to the confusion, just note. The coast Indians have no god, and until I met their old tribesmen and women I had not met a race without a knowledge of evil; thieving, lying, infidelity were unknown, and they were totally without a knowledge that gives what we call "shame." I secured a picture of an Indian at work carving to show you how this "totem" making is done. Alas, no longer with tools of the bone and stone age; now the general store supplies the machine-made tools. I also have a picture of a lady draped with a pearl button decorated In-

dian blanket, to show the way they follow out the "totem" idea in the work. The "totem" is any bird, beast or object chosen by the young-would-be chief in the cleansing days before the great winter ceremonial—days spent alone in the great forests, spent in purifying himself, much rubbing of the naked body with hemlock branches. Then the strange song is composed to the selected bird or beast, and the applicant appears before the old men at the great ceremony, singing and telling of his "totem."

If any of you would journey to this land of sunshine, where snow is a rarity, where rain takes its place for the winter season, where hunting and fishing is as near perfect as anywhere on this mundane (what is mundane anyhow?) sphere, where the price of land is not measured by the mountain tops, where you get a fair return from your work on the land, work amid scenes of primeval grandeur—why, follow our trail along the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

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Wild Deer, Clayquot, B.C.

These are the facts which, within recent years, have brought about a revolution in the systems of merchandising and have given birth to the Mail Order business.

Attempts have been made to combine retail and mail order business but with indifferent success. In fact, in the United States most of these attempts have resulted in dismal failure.

The rapid growth of the Canadian West has called for a purely catalogue house that would devote its entire energy to the needs of out-of-town customers.

Such a house has been established and the splendid support it has received from the people living in all parts of Western Canada, gives the assurance that it is filling a long felt want.

Christie Grant Co. Limited, of Winnipeg, has just issued a very attractive catalogue that should be in the hands of every person in Western Canada who shops by mail.

This catalogue is devoted, for the most part, to ready-to-wear garments, but the styles shown and the values offered will find a ready appeal from all who want really up-to-date wearing apparel at prices within the reach of everyone.

It would be impossible to mention all the wonderful values without giving a resume of the whole catalogue, but, as examples, might mention a Northern Muskrat coat that sells at $52.50. The skins used in this coat are neither dyed nor blended; its satin lining is guaranteed for two years and it is well made and well finished throughout. This is the grade of coat that other stores catalogue at $65.00.

Then there is a man's overcoat, lined with pieced coon and having a pieced Persian lamb collar, which sells for $15.00. At double this money this coat would still be good value.

But why enumerate values when the whole catalogue is teeming with just such bargains. If you have not yet had a copy, send for one and it will be mailed to you by return mail.

Naturally, the question arises as to how these values are made possible. The answer, as stated by a director of the Company, is that a purely mail order business can be conducted more economically than a complex one. Then, the system of handling orders by mail has been greatly simplified and thus very much expense has been eliminated.

But the simplified system has done more than reduce expenses. It enables the Christie Grant Co., Limited, to greatly reduce the time required to fill orders. In fact, almost all orders are filled and shipped on the day on which they are received—something that is utterly impossible in the old way of doing things.

Another factor that greatly assists this Company in giving its customers satisfaction is the fact that everyone of its employees has had wide experience in the mail order field, so that its time and energy is not expended in training inexperienced help.

Another factor that has made this Company popular is the prepaying of charges on all goods selected from its catalogue. This means that every price quoted in the catalogue means the laid down cost of the goods at the customers' nearest Express or Post Office.

The Company is exceedingly anxious to personally meet as many of its customers as possible because it realizes that with personal acquaintance it can give the sort of service that is expected from a catalogue house. With this end in view, it extends a hearty invitation to any and all who visit Winnipeg to call at its warehouse—110 Princess Street. G.H.A.

While studying her Sabbath School lesson, nine-year-old Elizabeth was much puzzled by the statement that Solomon "repaired the breaches of the city of David his father." This was to her mind a remarkable statement, and quite incomprehensible. After pondering it deeply, she asked one of the older members of the family for an explanation, saying that she did not think any man could "mend the breeches of a whole city."

Remarkable Challenge.

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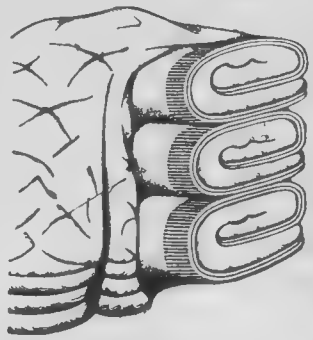

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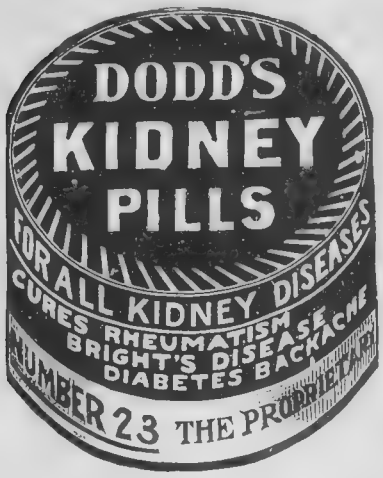

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Battlefield of Waterloo

The Mound, Waterloo

A battle fought near historic Waterloo, in Belgium, would be under vastly different tactics than the fight of ninety-nine years ago, when the same nationalities were engaged, but under different groupings. Then it was that the British had allied with the Prussians to crush Napoleon.

It is too bad that the army of tourists who flock yearly to this famous battle ground do not do more than climb the great Lion monument and then return to Brussels and lay claims to having seen Waterloo.

The French Monument, Waterloo

The field cannot be seen in this manner, and the history student must be prepared to tramp twenty miles to see the setting, and the tramp is not made over nicely paved roads, but across wheat fields and through little lanes and orchards, for the spot has changed but little in the past century.

At Waterloo the headquarters of Wellington and Napoleon were less than a mile apart. Such conditions to-day would not be thought of. The old chateaux and farm houses that withstood the cannon ball and musket shot in t' t day would crumble before even the smallest of modern shells. Field telephones to-day would prevent the approach of the modern Blucher with reinforcements, but there is one feature of the location that would make an ideal setting for another Waterloo. This is the delightful little hills that run in series all over this section of the country and that would afford excellent protection to the infantry of to-day.

Very Little Change

If the tourist sets out for a tramp around the field accompanied by a good map he will soon be impressed by the common place attitude with which the populace looks upon the fact that their farms are located here. Spots that are named in every history book are to-day the sleepy old farm houses they were then. The root cellars where the frightened farmers sought refuge are still root cellars. The famous well at La Haye Sainte, where numerous corpses were flung, still gives its water. The brick wall around the orchard of Hougemont, which was taken three times by the French and finally held by the English, has not been repaired, and still shows the great damage done by the common shot and the loop holes cut in the brick by the defenders. La Belle Alliance, the headquarters of Napoleon, is a quaint little farm house with a great tin pickle sign tacked on the front to remind visitors from the States of home.

The Monuments, Waterloo

Very Few Notices

An atmosphere of modesty is noticeable at all the important points. Sometimes a weather beaten metal plate may be deciphered, and the various spots located through this channel. A little chapel amongst the farm buildings in Hougemont bears a plate in English, French and German, calling for visitors to reverence this spot, for on the 18th of June, 1815, many and many a brave man crawled here to die.

The monuments are very plain, the two most prominent being the Lion and the wounded French Eagle. This eagle faces towards the city of Paris. Although beaten down and wounded it clutched the French national emblems, and is said to be crying to the French to come here and try another battle. From the present state of politics it almost looks as though the legend would be turned to truth.

Useless Phrase

Bobby had returned from his first tea-party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said his mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."

"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

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Mrs. John Dennison, Combermere, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills too much. For years I suffered with palpitation of the heart and nervous trouble, so that I could not lie down to sleep. I tried almost all other medicines, and got no relief, until I was advised by a friend, who had been benefited by your pills, to try them, I did so, and after taking four boxes I found I was almost cured, and I am going to continue taking them, for I never got anything to do me so much good. I would advise any one troubled with their heart or nerves to do the same as I am doing."

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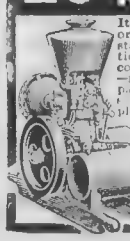

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Canada

Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,
She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honor nerve and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right.—
The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affection blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—
The stamp of true nobility, high honor, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song,—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God,—a nation's highest praise.

So in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds,
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis).

England

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees!
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across the greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England,
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

Mrs. Hemans.

Scotland

O, Caledonia! can it be
A wonder that we love thee?
And tho' we be afar from thee,
We place no land above thee
For tho' in foreign lands we dwell,
A sacred tie has bound us;
Our hearts can never lose the spell
Thy mountains threw around us.

And tho' thy breath is cold and keen,
And rugged are thy features;
Yet, O, my country! Thou hast been
The nurse of noble natures.
Does not thine humblest peasant know
The truth of truths supernal—
That rank is but a passing show,
But moral worth's eternal.

Scotland! the humblest son of thine
Is heir to living pages
Heir to a literature divine,
Bequeathed to all the ages;
Heir to those songs and ballads old,
Brimful of love and pity,
Which fall like showers of living gold,
In many a homely ditty.

O, we may leave our mountains high,
Our grand old hills of heather;
Yet song's the tie—the sacred tie—
Which binds our hearts together.
Then here's to all who fight the wrong,
And may their hopes ne'er wither—
To Scotland, freedom, love and song,
For aye they go together.

A. McLachlan.

Ireland

The harp that in darkness and silence forsaken,
Had slumbered while ages rolled slowly along,
Once more in its own native land shall awaken,
And pour from its chords all the raptures of song.

Unhurt by the mildews that o'er it were stealing,
Its strings in full chorus shall warble sublime,
Shall rouse all the ardor of patriot feeling,
And snatch a bright wreath from the relics of time.

Sweet harp! on some tale of past sorrow while dwelling,
Still plaintive and sad breathes the murmuring sound;
The bright, sparkling tear of fond sympathy swelling,
Shall freshen the shamrock that twines thee around.

Sweet harp! o'er thy tones, though with fervent devotion,
We mingle a patriot smile with a tear,
Not fainter the smiles, not less pure the emotions,
That waits on the cause which assembles us here.

Behold where the child of affliction and sorrow,
Whose eyes never gazed on the splendor of light,
Is taught from thy trembling vibration to borrow
One mild ray of joy, midst the horrors of night.

No more shall he wander unknown and neglected,
From Winter's loud tempests a shelter to find;
No more a sad outcast, forlorn and dejected,
Shall poverty add to the woes of the blind.

Miss Balfour.

GRAIN SHIPPERS

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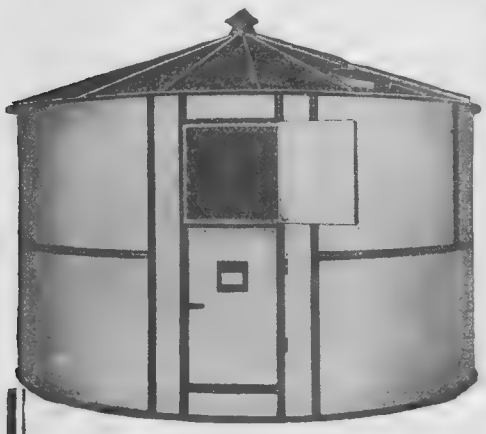

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Our Western Elevator System

Having been invited by The Western Home Monthly to write something bearing on the grain business, which would be of interest and service to our western farmers, we take as our subject "Our Western Elevator System."

There is no country in the world, not even excepting the United States, where grain elevators at country railway stations are so numerous as in western Canada. Up to the present time, in the great and increasing wheat producing countries of Russia, Argentine and Australia, elevators at country shipping points are practically, if not altogether, unknown, the grain being shipped in sacks. The elevator system has grown up in this country to the extent it has, owing to the profits made through buying and handling the farmer's grain in bulk, rather than from any particular advantage it has ever given the farmer in disposing of his grain.

It is our opinion, arrived at after a thorough and continuous knowledge of the grain trade of western Canada, in all its branches, since the time of its small beginnings in the year 1882, that the country elevator, while generally considered to be an advantage to our western farmers, has really created and helped to foster conditions of disadvantage in many cases.

Without the seeming advantage of country elevators, into which to quickly put the newly threshed grain under cover, and give quick and ready handling for large quantities of grain, thousands of farmers, and many others who are not farmers but who thought to get rich quick, by grain growing on a more or less extensive scale, would never have strained their energies as they have often done, to cover so much ground with wheat, oats, barley and flax, which in bad seasons, with late, wet and frosted harvests, has in many cases led to untold loss in expense and investment, besides the heavy and vexatious toil, worry and discouragement, in trying to secure something out of crops, on which less would have been lost if the binder had never cut an acre of them.

Also the sight or view of the big friendly looking grain elevators at the country stations, waiting with cheerful expectancy, to receive the farmer's grain, has no doubt kept many farmers from providing themselves with proper and adequate granary room on their farms, and likewise has kept them from engaging more in mixed farming than many of them might have done. Less ground covered with grain and more hogs and cattle, though to the majority apparently a slower way of getting ahead, would have saved many a farmer from getting acquainted with the mortgage company.

Whatever may be thought of the preceding ideas, there is no doubt that the ordinary country point elevator cannot pay the owner or operator by handling grain for merely the storage charges, even at the usual rate of 1¾c. per bus. for receiving and loading out into cars, although that charge seems ample. The income of a country elevator working for storage charges depends chiefly on the quantity handled. If there was a provincial elevator system, or any system given a monopoly, so that all grain shipped in bulk from country points, had to be loaded through an elevator then the system would easily pay at even less than 1¾c. per bus.; because at many points one fair sized elevator with four or five places to unload into, could easily handle and ship all the grain tributary to them, at very little more expense than one single elevator handling say, one-fourth as much grain, would cost. There is not anything like enough grain handled by the individual elevators, to anything like pay expenses on a storage basis, and the income of the elevators, if they are to pay expenses, to say nothing of profit over and above expenses, must in some way be made out of the grain bought from the farmers.

The ordinary country elevator, the number of which at some points runs up to six and seven, does not handle in the course of a year an average of near 100,000 bus. of grain, even in the largest crop years we have had. Now 100,000 bus. a year at 1¾c. per bus. is only $1,750 for a year's revenue, and anyone who knows anything about elevators, can easily see that the expenses of running, say a 30,000 bus. elevator, with allowances for interest on capital invested, depreciation, taxes, insurance, salaries and wages, supplies for power, wear and tear and other general expenses in running it could never be met out of $1,750 a year. No doubt this in some measure solves the question as to how the Manitoba Government could not make the elevator business pay, and how the Grain Growers' Grain Company also, as they allege, lost money in trying to run the Man. Govt. elevators. Most of the elevator business is understood to pay pretty well however, and so we are forced to the conclusion, that our grain elevator system is costing the farmers a great deal more than they can see, for obviously, the elevators must be sustained in some way or other out of the proceeds of the grain passed through them, or the elevators built over the three prairie provinces would never have reached the number now in existence, which is about 2,500.

The only sure way of escaping the toll the elevator system takes off the farmer's grain, is for the farmer to load it direct into the railway car over the loading platform, shipping it direct to the terminal elevators and having it looked after by a reliable commission firm, and sold by them in the Winnipeg market, which is the nearest approach the farmer who raises the grain can economically get to the consumer in eastern Canada, the United States or Europe.

The right and interest in the grain trade of this country belongs primarily to the producer, and all rules and regulations made by the supreme authority should be made with that idea in view. No grain dealer, elevator buyer, elevator owner, commission agent or merchant, has any right in connection with it except as subordinate to the farmer's right and interest. The place and function of these different trades and interests, come in the economic turning of the farmer's grain into money for the farmer. They are entitled to fair and proper remuneration for such services as they render, but it is the farmer's own business to find out, and his privilege to use, what he sees to be the surest way likely to give him the most satisfaction and largest net cash result.

Thompson, Sons & Co.
Winnipeg.

When Soils Need Lime

From a written description, it is not easy for every one to recognize indications of the need for lime. These can only be perceived by those who are accustomed closely to watch the changes in soil. Liming, however, is likely to be profitable on the following classes of land, viz.—(1) heavy soils, particularly those through which surface water passes with great difficulty; (2) soils of a lighter character if well stored with vegetable matter; (3) newly-drained or reclaimed soils; (4) old pastures, where there is no white clover, and particularly when the herbage is mainly composed of the plant known as agrostis or bent grass; (5) peaty and other sour soils; and (6) soils that are subject to finger-and-toe. Loams in a high state of cultivation, old pastures which are g een in March, very light poor soils, soils which are known to have been recently limed, and all wet soils need not be limed.

The chemical analysis of the soil is not a sure guide to the need of lime; for lime, as we have seen, is not a direct manure, and is often used merely to correct soil defects which no analysis can disclose. To any one who has a good knowledge of chem-

istry a soil analysis may afford some indication of the probable effects of lime. Farmers, however, even if they all understand the chemistry of soils, do not require to resort to chemical analysis to find out whether liming will pay them. There is a far simpler and surer method, which will well repay them to adopt, viz., to purchase a few loads of lime and apply it to selected spots on the farm. If a beneficial result is shown in the quantity and quality of the succeeding crops the whole field should be similarly treated; but should there be no improvement the farmer would be ill-advised to spend his money on lime.

The time of year at which lime should be applied to tillage land must depend to some extent on the crop. This is, perhaps, the least important of the questions to be answered here, for if the land is in need of lime the main consideration is to apply it as soon as possible, and, if the farmer succeeds in getting it put on in a powder, thoroughly distributed, and kept near the surface, it will matter but little in a few years whether it was applied in autumn, winter, spring, or summer. There are, however, instances in which there is a right and wrong time to do the work. A good illustration of this is the application of lime as a preventive of finger-and-toe in turnips. We have seen that a year usually elapses before lime exercises its full effects on the soil. If the prevention of finger-and-toe be the object of liming, the application must not be made in the winter or spring immediately preceding the sowing of the turnip crop. The lime must be applied at least twelve months earlier.

It is customary in well devised rotations for turnips to follow oats after grass, for the prevention of finger-and-toe lime should be applied to the grass land before it is ploughed for oats. Lime, we have seen, rapidly sinks in the ground, and must become intimately blended with the soil if it is to have the desired effect. If, therefore, it be ploughed in deeply after oats the winter before the turnips are sown, the surface soil will receive little benefit; but if applied to the grass before that is ploughed for oats, and if the oat stubble is ploughed at the earliest opportunity, and the plough run an inch or two below the grass furrow, the lime will be brought to the surface and will exert its influence on the soil below it throughout the winter, while the spring cultivation for the root crop will thoroughly incorporate it with the soil.

The proper time to apply lime to grazing land is in autumn, when fields are bare and grazing is of small value. The earlier it is applied at that season of the year the more chance there is of escaping the rains which might turn the powder into paste, and the more likely it is to yield a result next season. Lime may also be conveniently applied to young seeds in autumn, after the oat crop has been removed. To light land under tillage an excellent time to apply it is in spring, after roots, on the surface of the freshly-ploughed land which is about to be sown with oats and seeds. The pressure of work on the farm at this season is the chief drawback to this method.

The quantity that should be applied is a difficult question to answer. One general principle has already been stated, viz., the finer the powder, and the more even the distribution, the less will suffice. When lime is applied to strong soils for the purpose of making them more easily tilled and more pervious to water and air, fairly heavy dressings are necessary. For such purposes three tons per acre is the very least that will give satisfactory results.

The manner in which lime should be applied depends on the kind of soil, the object in view, the time of year and the amount. Generally speaking, however, it is a good plan to cart the newly burned lime direct to the field, to lay it out in small heaps about six or eight yards apart, and, if the land be under tillage, to cover these heaps with a light layer of soil, and finally to spread as soon as it has fallen to a powder. Many farmers favor the practice of putting the quicklime into one or two large heaps in the field, and slaking it with water. The powder is then put into carts, out of which it is spread with a shovel. This plan, however, necessitates more labor than the former method. It possesses the merit of yielding the finest powder, and is one to be recommended.

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Haines—A beautiful 7 1-3 octave upright Piano. Case in rich mahogany, Louis XV. style. A fine tone durable Piano, almost new and in first class order. Regular $500 ..... **$350**

Gourlay—7 1-3 octave upright Piano, in walnut case, with plain panels, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys, etc. In excellent order Regular $500, only **$350**

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Young People

That Cat

If I could talk I'd tell that cat,
Right here and now that he
Had better scoot when I say "scat!"
And let my dinner be.

The other day I stroked his coat
And gave him salt to eat,
And he got awful mad and wrote
Red marks across my feet.

A baby ought to boss the place
Where he is living at,
But here—and it's a big disgrace—
The boss is that old cat.

If sister won't drive him away,
When I'm a man I'll go
'Way off and find some place to stay
Where cats don't ever grow!

—James J. Montague, in "Good Housekeeping."

In Search of a Playmate

Emma Bolenius.

"Heaps and heaps of years ago," began Lucy, "the North Wind and the South Wind, the East Wind and the West Wind all lived together in the isle of the Winds."

"Now they were so angry with each other—even gentle South Wind—that they all cried: 'We'll leave the isle of the Winds!' And they shook the dust of the island from them and flew off, each in a different direction.

"Where did they go?" queried Bobert anxiously.

"North Wind flew south; South Wind flew north; East Wind made straight for the west; West Wind took to the east. Off they all went in search of a playmate."

"What did they look like?" demanded the listener.

"Nobody ever saw them, but you can always tell when they are near. Have you not noticed people saying, 'Hark! hear the wind!' or, 'See the wind blow!' You know the wind is near by what it does. Farmer Jones knows that the North Wind carries cold, East Wind, rain; South Wind makes the plants grow, and West Wind brings clear weather.

"So there four wind children parted in anger. Wasn't it a pity! Each one going in search of a playmate."

"Did they find one?"

"It's very sad to know that they punished themselves by quarreling. Do you know what happened?"

"What?"

Gateway to Fortifications of Antwerp

"Is this a 'really truly' story?" asked Bobert.

"No, honey; just a 'pretend'."

If Bobert loved anything it was a "'really, truly pretend."

"Nobody ever saw their papa and mamma—I don't believe they ever had any. So the four Wind children played all by themselves."

"What were they like?" asked Bobert eagerly.

Lucy puffed out her cheeks. 'North Wind was always fierce and cross. He would make an awful fuss, fly into his brothers and sisters and tear things up generally. His little sister South Wind always had to come along after him with her soft smiling ways and warm up the hearts that he had hurt."

"Was she a little girl?"

Lucy nodded. "Her sister East Wind was different, such a whiny sort of creature. She usually made everybody weep because she was so dismal and weepy herself. West Wind was quite the opposite. Whenever he blew in, there was a bracing good time—everybody out for fun!

"One day they had a naughty quarrel. North Wind slapped South Wind on the cheek. East Wind and West Wind blew into it, too.

"'I'll not play with you any more—ever!' cried North Wind. 'I'll go away from our isle of the Winds and hunt somebody else for a playmate!' '

"If the Wind child wanted badly to play with a little dry leaf, the leaf would always run away; the Wind could never, never catch it. All the dancing things that took his fancy, all the flying things that he wanted to play with, tantalized him by running away just ahead. The Wind could never catch up, no matter how hard he ran—I mean blew. And the dancing leaves and tiny bits of dust and flying bugs all scorned the Wind.

"'We will not play with you!' they scoffed, 'you couldn't play with your own brothers and sisters!'"

"So after a while each little Wind child sneaked back to the isle of the Winds and was so glad to see the others there, too. They kissed and made up. Then North Wind said: 'We will never, never, never quarrel again!'"

"And didn't they?"

"No, sir! And whenever it gets real still, so that mama says, 'There's not a breath of wind stirring'—do you know what is happening then? The little Wind children have crept back to their old home to have a good romp together. See how quiet it is now—very unusual for August—I believe that is where they are now."

Bobert was very thoughtful for a minute. "Mamma says we musn't fight," he finally remarked.

"So you musn't! Mamma knows that nowhere in the whole world will you find another playmate like Tommy!'

Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux

Prof. Graham, Poultry Dept., Ontario Agricultural College, the well known authority on poultry raising, has given out an interesting report on the methods he uses at the college in regard to the care of pullets, to get them in shape for winter laying. He reports also on the best methods of forcing of the somewhat late broods to make them profitable. There is no question that late broods of chicks will happen on the best regulated farms. I notice late broods (so cunning is "old Biddy hen" in stealing away her nest in all sorts of odd corners), can be forced by the best care and food to hold their own if not compete with their older and more masterful brethren of April and May. But to do this they must be raised in a coop and yard by themselves, where they cannot be bullied by older chicks and during the hot months, vermin must be kept from pestering their lives, by the us of plenty of insect powder. Plaster of Paris mixed to a paste with gasoline containing five per cent crude carbolic acid, makes a death dealing insect powder that can be sifted into chicks' down and feathers. If the mother hen gets a weekly dusting with this powder she will sprinkle enough of it on her brood to kill lice and mites. Prof. Graham finds late chicks will make a more rapid growth if fed a couple of times a day with a mash, not always dry, however, but moistened sometimes for a change. My own experience bears this out, but I always like to send chicks to roost with a crop full of Manitoba wheat. As this is not a corn country, at best and no corn is superior to our wheat for nutriment.

The formula used by Prof. Graham for a forcing mash is as follows—Cracked wheat thirty-five per cent, granulated oatmeal thirty per cent, cracked corn thirty per cent, grit and oyster shell five per cent. At eight to ten weeks of age the chicks are given five per cent of animal meal, added to the above ration.

I am a firm believer in butter milk as a factor in rapid growth and therefore would mix this mash with it every day or so, for a change, instead of using animal meal which is not always to be obtained out in the west.

Then I give both early and late broods, all the milk, "butter" or "sweet" they can drink, if I can get it.

I like to use bran about five to ten per cent in all mashes for chicks. No doubt low grade flour is most valuable, also powdered charcoal, five per cent, should be used in all these mashes, as it is a preventive of bowel trouble.

For best results the chicks must have good range and pick up their own bugs and beetles. If grass is poor and parched, throw garden stuff to them, lettuce, beets and tops, cress, etc., and how they gloat over split heads of cabbage.

All the young stock need to have the best of ventilation when roosting. Never let them crowd together, in warm weather especially. This applies to the pullets selected for winter laying. The best bunch of pullets I ever raised would insist on roosting high up on some oak trees, merely cackling at my efforts to coax them down until the frosty nights were with us, when I had to use a ladder to capture them. When put in winter quarters I found they were splendid specimens with feathers like a close mat and in no time they commenced to lay and did well all winter.

Now that this dreadful war has been proclaimed, we needs must be prepared for a scarcity of eggs and correspondingly high prices. Already huge shipments are being made to England of American eggs, as the tremendous trade in imported continental eggs, (where England got her chief supply in fact) is, of course, shut down altogether. Therefore farmers and poultry folk want to be up and doing to get their flocks in the best shape for winter laying. The old hens should be put through their moult, in the best method known, to fit them to do profitable work during the cold months, and not eat off their heads when all food stuffs are so dear in price. The pullets too, require good care and feeding. Cockerels should be separated from them in September and the wise person then crate fattens the male birds for the early autumn trade and secures the best prices. I believe in shipping the fattened birds alive to any well known firm in the city, or to the Central Farmers' Market, where customers claim they get a square deal, paying a percentage, for the handling of the birds, to the management and ship them alive. A good fattening ration for crated cockerels is made thus: two parts oat middlings, one part corn meal, one part low grade flour. Mix with butter milk or sour milk to make the mash the consistency of a pancake batter. Another one, used at the M.A.C.: two parts finely ground oats with the hulls sifted out, one part finely ground barley, one part ground wheat, mixed in the same manner with butter milk. This ration is one more suitable to the farmer as home products are utilized. I think a little charcoal added to the mash sometimes prevents indigestion which is an ailment in crate fattening. The birds to be fattened should be well grown and lusty, from three months to four months of age. Starve them for twenty-four hours, then put into feeding crate, feed morning and night at a regular time. One ounce of mash for each bird is enough to start with, gradually increase the mash dose so as to feed between twenty and thirty ounces to twelve birds at a meal.

Be sure and give grit, sharp gravel and oyster shell in the troughs once a week and little or no water is required. When the crates have to be kept out of doors water must be given sometimes, but it is wiser to get the crates in some out building away from draughts and sun. Then the milky food is sufficient moisture for the birds. Never leave them food in the trough; what they will not eat up in half an hour, remove and keep the troughs clean and free from germs.

If a bird gets indigestion remove him at once and give him his liberty on a scant diet, until his health is restored.

A word as to moulting hens: give them all the milk to be procured; butter milk is quite equal to sweet to make the new feathers grow. I always grow sunflower seeds for them, giving them two or three feeds a week. The seeds are splendid—like a tonic. A good dose of salts mixed in a bran mash is useful at this time. An occasional mash of crushed grain, shorts and bran and oilcake does them good, especially if no milk can be fed. Free range which means bugs and frogs and plenty of green stuff will soon put the moulting hens in good health, prepared to lay high priced eggs in early winter.

The thrifty housewife is putting away her surplus fresh eggs now of course, and she may use either the water glass solution or the old fashioned lime mixture with safety. Either give good results, but see that the eggs are really fresh and infertile if possible.

A Company of Territorials in London en route to the front, August 6th, 1914

GLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED—To do easy, pleasant, coloring work at home. Can make $15 to $20 weekly. Experience unnecessary, no canvassing. National Decorating Co., Dept. G, 69 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont. 10

WANTED—Reliable parties to do Machine Knitting for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address: The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. T.F.

CANADIAN CITIZENS—Get Canadian government jobs. Hundreds of appointments yearly. Big pay. Life jobs. Examinations everywhere soon. Examination schedule and sample questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept.. K 178,, Rochester, N.Y. 9

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED in all localities no matter how small the village, to show samples to their friends and neighbors. Position will pay $20 weekly with a few hours work in spare time. This is a new co-operative plan of trading. For example, Redpath's best granulated sugar, 4 cents per pound; Christie's large box sodas for 15 cents; Comfort, Surprise or Sunlight soap, 8 bars for 25 cents. These are merely a few sample prices. Everything sold at factory prices to the consumer, men making as high as $50 weekly with our plan. No experience required as the prices do the work. Sample case with samples and supplies furnished free. Write to-day for your territory. The Consumers Association, Windsor, Ontario. 9

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and cash price. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 9

WANTED—to hear of good farm or unimproved land for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn. 7-9

FARM LANDS WANTED—For exchange on city houses. What have you to offer? Your listings solicited. Write E. J. Thompson, 712 Sterling Bank, Winnipeg, Man. T.F.

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 12

FOR SALE

TRICKS, JOKES, PUZZLES—Catalogue and sample 10c. F. Stone, Fredericton, N.B. 9

100 Envelopes Your name and address printed on the corner. Samples free. D. M. Brenkisa, Wheeler, Indiana. **30c Postpaid** 9

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES SETS—50 dainty articles $5.50 carriage paid return mail. Lovely robes, day and night gowns, flannels, etc., finest materials. Everything necessary for instant use. Lists free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England. T.F.

PEACH'S CURTAINS—Actual makers' prices. Nets, casement fabrics, muslins, linens, underwear, shoes, clothing. Write for free book, "Ideal Home Decorations," about 1,000 illustrations. Interesting, charming ideas and suggestions. Saml. Peach & Sons, Box 658, The Looms, Nottingham, England. 11

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ELLIOTT BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, gives superior training for choice business positions; graduates eminently successful; open all year; commence now. Write for new prospectus. 2-15

STAMPS FOR SALE

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage: also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRICK CATALOGUE—Big bargain sheet used magic apparatus and a good trick complete, 5c. Gilnovco, 11129 Crescent Morgan Park, Illinois. 9

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings. $50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark, Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

REAL LOOKING MAZUMA — Fake money, big flashy roll, closest imitation, lawful, with catalogue 10c. Gilnovco, 11129 Crescent, Morgan Park, Illinois. 9

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE—Worth 25c. Illustrated catalog of 250 tricks, puzzles, illusions included. Send 6c. stamps. Magic Co., Sta. 12, 249 West 38th St., New York. 10

STAGE INSTRUCTION—Free Illustrated Booklet on "How to Start in Show Business." Experience unnecessary. Send 2c. postage. Stage Studio, Sta. 12, 249 West 38th St., New York. T.F.

DR. JANET E. FERGUSON, 290 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Free consultation regarding your ailment. Correspondence invited. Nervous diseases, Goitre, Rheumatism, Infantile Paralysis successfully treated. T.F.

SONG POEMS WANTED for publication. Send us your verses or melodies. Experience unnecessary. We will revise, write music to your words, publish, advertise, and copyright in your name. Our composing staff best. Instructive book, "Successful Songwriting" free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 67, Washington, D.C. 6-15

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Grows hair like magic. Will not dye but nourishes the color glands to natural action. Directions for use on jar. Mail order price $1.00, postpaid. Broadenaxe Co., 29 Stobart Block, Winnipeg. (Mrs. M. Ferguson.) Established 9 years. T.F.

AUTOSEL STUMP PULLER — just what is wanted to clear your land. There is no stump it cannot pull. So easy a child may operate. Compact and practically unbreakable. One man can with Autosel Stump Puller do the work of three men in a day. A perfect leverage combined with simplicity; cheap and endurable. Write for particulars and price. William H. Thwaits, Masset, B.C. 9

WILD ANIMALS, ETC.

FOX TRAPPING

Walter Bray, Orland, Me., caught 24 foxes, 34 minks. Thomas Callahon, N. Monroe, N. H., caught 23 foxes with Page methods. Stamp for testimonials and terms. Warranted land, water, snow sets. Bait and scent in pints for sale by

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WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS—$50 each. All or spare time. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 351, Cincinnati, Ohio. T.F.

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43 VARIETIES POULTRY, PIGEONS—Special prices on young stock. Incubators. Supplies. Catalogue free. Missouri Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo. 10

A TRIO of pure-bred White Wyandottes or White Leghorns free to every boy and girl. Just send us your name and address we send you 240 high-grade post cards, sell like hot cakes at 6 for 10c. When sold send us the $4.00 and we will send you a trio of either variety free. Sunnyside Poultry Farm, P.O. Box 292, Sarnia, Ont. 10

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

RESOLVED

Put your own words upon the lips of another and —listen. Put your own deeds in the personality of another and—watch. Put your own life in the frame of your neighbor's reputation and character and—consider. Whatever is sin in your neighbor must be sin in you. Whatever is weakness in your fellow must be weakness in you. Whatever is crime in your brother must be crime in you. Jonathan Edwards once wrote these lines: Resolved: never to do anything, which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way more meanly of him.

* * *

HABIT

Habit saves or habit slays. Habit makes or habit mars. Habit builds or habit breaks. Habit is second nature rooted in imitation and full forged by oft repeated action. Habits, in their birth and beginning, are as weak as a child but in their final end and power as strong as a giant. Dr. Samuel Johnson crystallised the truth of the case in a sentence. "The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken."

* * *

BE A MAN!

Be true in the roots of your nature and honest in the joints of your soul. Let sincerity shine in the corridors of your mind and purity be the very breath of your existence. When General Garfield was asked, as a young boy, "what he meant to be," he answered: "First of all I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing." "Before I go any further," says Frank Osbaldistone, in "Rob Roy," "I must know who you are." "I am a man," is the answer, "and my purpose is friendly." "A man," he replied; "that is a brief description." "It will serve," answered Rob Roy, "for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more."

* * *

MANY GIFTS

One man may possess many gifts. Cromwell was a farmer, soldier, orator, preacher, statesman and executive. He could do many things well. He succeeded because of a rare combination of gifts. We should seek to cultivate every side of our nature. To be full orbed, all-round and many sided. A certain writer says: "Grant had the gift of strategy. Once from a hilltop with General Sherman he surveyed the armies in the valley below. One glance, and Grant had the whole situation in hand. The weak points to be attacked, the weak points of his own position to be safe guarded. The danger point for the enemy upon which he converged two regiments like a wedge that cut its way through the opposing line. Obedient himself, he expected instant obedience from others. Willing to risk his own life, he expected the same self-sacrifice on the part of his fellow officers. One biographer calls him "a master quartermaster," telling us that he knew how to feed an army. Another calls Grant a great drillmaster, exhibiting Grant as the teacher of his own generals. Another terms Grant a natural engineer, with great gifts, but without detailed training. Another speaks of him as the greatest soldier in history in the way of attacks. But when all these statements are combined, they tell us that Grant is the great, all-round soldier of the war, who by natural gifts and long experience could do all things, and almost equally well. It is this that explains the tributes to his military genius by foreign soldiers and the great masters of war in every land."

* * *

HIS PROUDEST DAY

No man can build the superstructure of character unless he possesses a solid foundation to build upon and that foundation must be the rock granite of principle. The man who acts from principle will construct an enduring edifice. Love, truth and honesty are the girders upon which we must rest our superstructure if it is to endure. The late Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota made a great impression, it is said, at a meeting of the Gridiron Club in Washington, and thereafter his name was frequently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for President. Some friends asked him, on his return, if that occasion in Washington was not his proudest day. "No, it was not," was the answer. Pressed to tell what it was, he reluctantly said, after much hesitation, "The proudest day of my life was the day when I went home Saturday night with my first week's wages and, giving them to my mother, said: 'Mother, you never need take in washing again.'"

THE THINGS TO OMIT

Character is made up of commission and omission. The things which we must not do are fully as important as the things which we must do. An objectionable man is half way across the bridge of success. An agreeable personality is an introduction to good society. We charm our friends by virtue of the elimination of strange eccentricities and uncouth characteristics. "The Rev. Thomas Binney, of the King's Weigh House Chapel, London, was Mr. McLaren's ideal of a preacher. 'It was Binney,' he would say, 'that taught me to preach.' 'But what about Mrs. William Elliston?' his interlocutor inquired, on one occasion. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I am a great debtor to her, too; she taught me what I should not do, and then, after I married, my wife took me in hand.'"

* * *

"HERE, OLD FELLOW"

Be careful not to judge a man by the clothes he wears—especially in this w .tern country. Hay seed is not a sign of poverty, ignorance or stupidity. The miller wears the dust-mark of his trade but may possess "a dollar" for all that. The Youths' Companion says: "Daniel Webster liked to be known as the 'Farmer of Marshfield.' His farm dress was a slouched hat, a blue blouse, and trousers tucked

Lord Kitchener, our Minister for War. The Man who will Muzzle "The Mad Dog"

into his boots. He was more at ease in the woods with a hatchet in his hands than in the Senate or the salons of fashion.

"The Webster mansion was not easy to find, and a Washington official once attempted to reach it 'across lots.' Coming to a stream, he opened conversation with a woodsman who was cutting brush.

'Is Mr. Webster at home?'

'He is.'

'How can I cross the brook?'

'Jump or wade.'

'Here, old fellow, I'll give you a quarter to carry me over.'

"The woodsman took the stripling on his brawny shoulders, landed him safely, declined the fee, and soon followed. He met the young official at the library door, transacted the business without a change of dress, put the visitor at his ease, and then drove him to the station in his own carriage."

* * *

CONCEIT

The "know it all" period in the life of a young man, is somewhere between the ages of fourteen and twenty-two. At this period of his life he is a compendium of universal knowledge. What he does not know is scarcely worth knowing. He can give his father a point or two and furnish his uncle with inside information. It is a remark of Disraeli that every boy of fifteen considers himself the most extraordinary being who ever lived.

PERSISTENCE

Persistence is the right hand of genius. It is hard to defeat the man who never gives up, never gives in, never gives out and never gives way. Before such a man difficulties vanish and obstacles fade into insignificance. Edison was such a man. "A great triumph came to him when he gained the confidence of the president of the Western Union through a breakdown of the lines between New York and Albany. Dr. Norvin Green was president at that time. and he himself afterwards declared that it was entirely due to his stupidity and that of his associates that the corporation was so long in taking advantage of Edison's genius. The inventor had called on Dr. Green many times for the purpose of asking him to take up his improvements and inventions, but the president "turned him down" every time, believing that the schemes of so young a man could scarcely be worth serious consideration. But Edison did not give up. He knew that it was the Western Union that could best handle his inventions, and he was determined to exhaust every means in his power to persuade the company to give him a trial."

* * *

POPULARITY NOT NECESSARY

It is a delightful thing to be popular, but popularity is not an absolute necessity. Some of the greatest men in history were never, in any social sense, "popular," and scores of "popular" men have failed of achieving any real, genuine success. A discerning writer affirms that: "Michel Angelo was a stern, cold, forbidding man, and though people admired his works they did not admire himself; he had few friends and fame did not bring him happiness. Columbus was unsocial and taciturn and to this disposition may be attributed the mutiny of his crews, which with difficulty was allayed on his voyage of discovery to the New World. Dante was never invited out to dinner in his life and during his exile from his home and his wanderings throughout his native land, was never welcomed at any fireside; he remained a hermit to his countrymen."

* * *

THE VALUE OF WORK

Occupation is salvation. Your work is your life preserver. Your task is your anchor. Your duty is your guardian and protector. The joy of life is the joy of a pleasant and agreeable occupation. Even unpleasant work has a great virtue and saving quality. To illustrate: "You remember the story of the black pin which the lady wore as a brooch—repeated some time ago by Holmes in one of his happy little speeches. Her husband had been confined in prison for some political offence. He was left alone with his thoughts to torture him. No voice, no book, no implement—silence, darkness, misery, sleepless self-torment; and soon it must be madness. All at once he thought of something to occupy these terrible unsleeping faculties. He took a pin from his neckcloth and threw it upon the floor. Then he groped for it. It was a little object, and the search was a long and laborious one. At last he found it. and felt a certain sense of satisfaction in difficulty overcome. But he had found a great deal more than a pin—he had found an occupation, and every day he would fling it from him and lose it, and hunt for it, and at last find it, and so he saved himself from going mad: and you will not wonder that when he was set free and gave the little object to which he owed his reason and, perhaps, his life, to his wife, she had it set round with pearls and wore it next her heart."

* * *

SALT!

"I was lunching at the Parker House, Boston, the other day. A light meal had just been ordered and served, and it seemed to me that one item of food might be made more palatable if 'seasoned with salt,' so I carefully inspected the table for the salt-cellar. I looked toward the caster: no salt. I inspected the four corners of the table: no salt. I made an inspection of the tables near by, but no salt seemed to be within easy reach.

"I turned and with an impatient gesture said to the waiter: 'Salt, please.' 'Salt?' said the waiter with an expression of surprise on his honest face, 'salt?' 'Yes; salt,' I replied with considerable emphasis on the last word.

"The waiter turned toward me with an amused smile on his face, and, pointing a long, bony finger toward a certain spot not an inch from my plate, quietly remarked: 'There's the salt, sir, right 'long-side your plate.'

"Sure enough, the salt was there. So near that I failed to recognize its presence."

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THE PHILOSOPHER

Current Events under Review.

A WAR FOR HUMAN PROGRESS

Never since history began to be made has mankind witnessed such a marshalling of armaments in war as Europe now presents. This greatest war in history has been forced on Europe by the arrogant lust of the German Emperor for power and yet more power, and for wider areas of territory than the German Empire over which to rule autocratically, making the world tremble at the thought of the might of his "mailed fist." Constantly he has been like a prowling wolf, watching for his chance to leap upon France. For years successive Governments in Great Britain and the whole British people have been the targets for the studied arrogance and insolence of Berlin. For years Great Britain endured at Germany's hands a policy of irritation in small things and a policy to brag and bluster in big things. But with the outrageous violation of treaty obligations and of the rights of the people of Belgium, who were inoffensively attending to their own affairs, the die was cast. Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Belgium were the powers bound by the treaty which guaranteed the independence and neutrality of Belgium. In deliberate violation of that treaty Germany precipitated war, with all the horrors and tragedies and mockery of Christian teaching that war entails. It will ever stand to the honor of Great Britain that she did not wantonly seek the dread arbitrament of war. With a clear conscience, the British Empire and its allies can face the verdict of posterity, knowing that theirs is not the bloodguiltiness. The whole British Empire is solidly united in this most righteous war, which is a war for honor and justice and good faith and the welfare of humanity, a war for the preservation of the cause of civilization and true progress against the barbarism of autocracy and grinding militarism.

* * *

CANADA'S RESPONSE

Throughout the whole Dominion the determination that Canada will do her part worthily is as impressive as it is inspiring. We are all one in the ties of loyalty and devotion which unite the Empire. We are all one in the consciousness of the justice of the cause for which the Empire and its allies are fighting, the cause of freedom and progress and the dawn of an ampler day for the masses of the people of the nations against the black night of autocracy and oppression and feudalism, personified in the War Lord of Berlin. All the world knows that the Canadian people, united in a deep spirit of fervent patriotism and determination to do their duty to the full, will acquit themselves in a manner worthy of Canada's position as the foremost self-governing Dominion of the Empire and worthy of that devotion to liberty and justice which is so enduring a bond of the Empire.

* * *

THE PURPOSE OF THE AGES

To all who believe in an over-ruling Providence, which shapes the ends of men and nations, this war will mark another page in the advance of civilization. From the beginning of history, nations have sought to build a durable fabric of empire upon a foundation of might and injustice, and have failed. Some have endured for a time, but in the end have perished. The great lesson throughout the centuries is that no empire based on force alone can subsist. Germany has not learned that lesson from history, and is now learning it at a cost that may well be said to stagger humanity. Beneath the surface of this last and greatest of European wars lies the eternal conflict between the forces making for progress and the forces that are resisting progress.

* * *

WOMEN'S PART IN WAR

It has been used as an argument against woman suffrage that women cannot serve as soldiers. As a statement of fact, it is undeniable that women are debarred by laws of nature from military service—though there are not a few instances in history to the contrary, and not the least notable that of the Belgian women in Liege who took active part in resisting the German invaders. But, without stopping to discuss this argument against woman suffrage, there is another fact to be noted, and it is that in war women have work to do that is of great importance, though it is not active military service. In Paris in the first week of last month, when there was a general departure of tha active male population to the mobilization centres, the women took up a great many of the jobs thus left vacant. Later on the President of the Republic called upon the women of France to "complete the work of gathering the crops left unfinished by the men who have been called to arms." The wheat and grapes of France will be harvested by the women, as if every fighting man of the country were not with the colors. This call made by the President of France upon the women of the nation is but one of a thousand incidents that show the far-reaching touch of war. The men, fighting at the front, are the conspicuous actors on the stage. In fixing our eyes on them, we must not forget the women suffering anguish at home, and toiling at the work which war takes the men from. The heaviest hardship and suffering entailed by war fall on the women.

* * *

PAST AND PRESENT

The time will come—to doubt it is to doubt in God and in the moral purpose of the universe—when human beings will look back upon the destruction of thousands of lives in the war now in progress with feelings of horror such as overcome us now when we read of the burning of poor, helpless old women accused of witchcraft a couple of centuries ago, and the torturing of witnesses in state trials, and such incidents (by no means infrequent in past centuries) as the punishment inflicted upon the Chevalier de la Barre, a young man nineteen years of age, referred to by Dickens in the opening chapters of "A Tale of Two Cities." For refusing to make a declaration of belief which he could not make in conscience, he was sentenced to have his tongue torn out with red hot pincers, to have his right hand cut off, and then to have his body broken upon the wheel. The thing was done in the public square at Abbeville. Such things were done in many public squares, and all the time ordinary human life went on, and children played their games, and housewives attended to their housekeeping, and young men and maidens made love and the whole human drama, the same in all essentials as it is today, was transacted every day. There are romantic writers who would have us believe that that was the Golden Age of the world, before the modern dullness of life settled down over everything. It is ever the way of human nature to be dissatisfied with present day existence and long for the rare old times, when there were wondrous doings in the world. In centuries to come there will doubtless be romantic dreamers who will look back to this time, as romantic dreamers of today look back to the times of the Crusades. And there will be thoughtful people who will shudder to think of the carnage that is now reddening fields in Europe with human blood and will wonder how ordinary human life went on at all, in this year of grace 1914—just as we wonder now how people managed to live their lives in the times when it was no uncommon occurrence to have some young man in the prime of life, or some poor, innocent old woman, tortured and burned to death in the public square.

* * *

RUSSIA AND PROGRESS

Between the close of the Crimean War sixty years ago and the beginning of last month Great Britain was never at war with a European power. In the Crimean War the British and the Russian troops fought against each other; in this war they are fighting on the same side. It is one of the anomalies of history that Russia, the land where autocratic rule has been guilty of so many terrible crimes against liberty, should be one of the alliance of free nations that are fighting autocracy in this war. Austria is responsible for this. Austria's rulers have never stood for an ideal, for justice, for liberty, or for any other good cause. This is not to say that there are not in Austria, and in Hungary, many good friends of liberty and justice. It is not a race that is at fault. It is a system, a despotic, aristocratic, feudal, military system. Such a system exists also in Russia. But it is Germany and Austria that have taken the responsibility of leading the forces of despotism against the forces of freedom. They have arrayed against them the enlightened public opinion of the world, which is a thing that counts for something in this Twentieth Century.

* * *

TWO WISE MEN

The fact is finding recognition in Great Britain now that there were two great Englishmen in the last generation who foresaw what was coming. They were (to put them in chronological order) William T. Stead and King Edward. During the greater part of the nineteenth century the European nation that was regarded with special favor in quarters in England, and in a large measure throughout Great Britain generally, was Germany. Russia was hated. Rudyard Kipling's famous poem, "The Bear that Walks Like a Man," gave expression to the feeling held towards Russia. Stead, divining the inwardness of German policy, set himself to the unpopular task of speaking well of Russia. He labored to create a good feeling towards Russia. To him more than to any other man is due the present good feeling that exists between the two countries. King Edward ascended the throne with distrust of Germany in his mind, and with a guiding vision of an alliance with France, which he was happy to see made into an accomplished fact.

A HISTORY-MAKING TIME

What person of middle age is there who, looking back to his or her schooldays, does not recall how in learning about the great battles that formed so large a part of their history lessons, there was the underlying thought that never again would there be such battles fought. We felt sure that never in our lifetime would there be war. Those of us who were schoolboys a third of a century ago used to regret that destiny had condemned us to live our lives in such a prosaic, workaday era, with no glorious fighting and adventure going on, no Spanish Armada being sunk, no Battle of Waertloo being fought. Well, the greatest war in all history is now in progress, and we cannot realize its true proportions. One battleship of today could blow the Spanish Armada out of the water with the greatest ease. The Battle of Waterloo was fought in a space not as large as the city of Winnipeg; a modern line of battle would stretch across the province of Manitoba. The first astounding, unbelievable shock we experienced on learning that war was begun has passed away, and we are all now doing our best to realize the vastness of the operations, the millions of armed men engaged, the terrible losses and the whole scope of this greatest tragedy that has ever befallen the civilized world. But we fail to realize it all in its true proportions, in its full meaning. We cannot visualize in our minds and really understand the terrible events which, as these words are written, are staining the map of Europe crimson. Who among us on this side of the Atlantic, is capable of vividly imagining the war as an actuality? Does any one in the shadow of a great event feel its true weight and meaning?

* * *

THE AUTOCRATIC KAISER

No critic of the German Emperor will ever point out his defects better than he did it himself when he said in his famous Konigsberg speech in August, 1910: "Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way." He has not heeded the spirit of the time. Surrounded by subservient agents of his will and by flatterers, he has become more and more hardened in his egotism and in his belief in his "divine right" to rule autocratically. He is a figure from the Middle Ages, living in this Twentieth Century. The ability and personal force which he possesses are the outgrowths of his narrowness and concentration. The men with whom he has surrounded himself are men whose subserviency is so great that he absolutely dominates them. He wants no men of strong character near him; Bismarck's fate showed that. The Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, is nothing more than the Kaiser's mouthpiece. When the Radical members of the Reichstag have become troublesome, it has been his business to still the clamor, not by compromise, but by hinting at the power of the regiments. In no other country have the Radicals and Socialists been as active and numerous as in Germany, and in no other country has the voice of the people had so little influence on the Government, that is to say, on the Kaiser.

* * *

HOMESTEADS FOR WOMEN

Men outnumber women in Canada by half a million, according to the Dominion census of 1911. This is a considerable difference in a total population of seven and a half millions; but it is entirely in accordance with the conditions in a new country. The young, the strong, the adventurous seek out new countries; the old and the timid stay at home. The single man emigrates. The young married man may come without his wife and children and without the grandparents, who follow him later on, when he has established himself. Women are apt to be in a majority of those left in the older lands. But while this disparity between the number of men and the number of women in this country is thus to be regarded as natural enough, there is no reason why it should be artificially increased. There are strong arguments against restriction of homesteads to men. It is pointed out, among other things, that the difference in physical strength constitutes no valid objection to women homesteaders. A physically weak man may take up a homestead and have somebody else do the work. A woman ought to be allowed to do the same.

* * *

THE BRITISH WAY

The momentous decision was not reached in hidden agreement by the sovereign and a few scheming statesmen; it was delivered in open parliament, by the elected representatives of a free people, after the fullest discussion of the needs and perils of the nation and after the utmost resources of diplomacy had been exhausted. And when the solemn declaration of war went forth, it went from the hearts and consciences of the whole British people.—New York Tribune.

Farm Schools For New Brunswick

Until recently the government of New Brunswick has done little in the way of providing agricultural education for its farming population. Now, however, there are hopes that the policy being organized and put into effect will eventually place New Brunswick in the front rank as regards matters agricultural.

The general direction of this work has been given to Mr. Robert Newton, a graduate of Macdonald College, who for the past year has been Chief Assistant in the Cereal Division at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The present plan is to establish three centres in the province, at two of which courses of a few weeks duration will be held each winter, and the third a longer course will be developed. Woodstock has been selected as the location for the main school, and from there the whole system will be directed. A substantial building is now being completed there, and later land will be purchased for experimental purposes.

The work conducted at the three special centres will be supplemented by short courses held in various districts, by farmers' meetings. "Better Farming Specials" and other field demonstration work. Co-operation will be a special feature, and every encouragement and assistance will be given to farmers in their efforts to organize and work along co-operative lines.

Operations will commence with a short course at Woodstock during the first three weeks of March.

In addition to the general direction of the whole work, Mr. Newton will personally take charge of the work in field crops.

Possibly no student has left Macdonald College with the enviable reputation Mr. Newton did. He was never beaten in examinations, and in addition to this is an agricultural enthusiast. With his experience in district representative work at Shawville, Que., and his field crop work under Prof. Klinck at Macdonald, and Dr. Saunders in Ottawa, he is well able to take hold of his new duties in New Brunswick.

An Exchange of Good Wishes

A successful school-teacher who is loved as well as admired by her pupils says that during her first year of teaching she received a little lesson which taught her what Saint Paul probably meant by the "foolishness of preaching."

In the middle of a term one of her pupils was obliged to leave school, as the family was about to move out of town. When the teacher said good-by to the little girl, who had been an intelligent and well-behaved pupil, she felt moved to add a few words of advice.

"If I never see you again," she said, with much earnestness, "I hope you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be, and whatever tasks you are called to perform, I hope you will always be an honest, upright woman, truthful and brave."

"Thank you," said the little girl, her round, eager face upturned to her teacher, "and I hope you'll be the same."

God has so ordered this world of His that no unnecessary pain or misery comes to the woman who obeys His laws.

Williams' Shaving Stick

If you prefer a Shaving Stick—some men won't use anything else—it is dollars to doughnuts your choice will be Williams', either in the Holder-Top form or in the familiar Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box.

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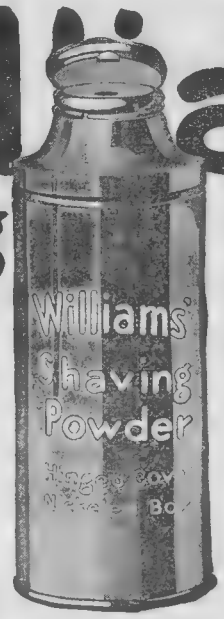

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How Bonds are Issued

By A. C. Snivley

THE prospective purchaser had been asking a number of questions about the bonds offered him, some to the point, most so far afield that the salesman was hard put to find answers to satisfy him. Finally he remarked: "I suppose your house gets a pretty good commission for selling these securities." The reply surprised him and altered his attitude of tolerant suspicion to one of confidence at once. "Why, we own the whole issue," said the salesman; "we bought it from the company, in competition with other houses, and we paid the company for the bonds some time ago."

A Momentous Gathering of British Leaders at Buckingham Palace by Command of the King
The Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George represent the Government, Mr. Bonar Law and the Marquis of Lansdowne the Opposition, Sir Edward Carson and Captain Craig, Ulster, and Mr. John Redmond and Mr. John Dillon the Irish Nationalist Party. The Speaker of the House of Commons, who acts as Chairman, may be seen seated at the corner of the table in the foreground

"Why, I didn't know that bond houses owned the securities they advertise. I suppose if you fellows are sure enough of them to buy and pay for them they should be all right for me." And after some further information as to the details of the original purchase of the bonds, the investor bought with confidence a security which but a few minutes before he had looked on with considerable misgiving.

This is but one of many similar occurrences. The inexperienced investor confuses the position of the investment banking house with that of the stockbroker. The former is like a commercial house, buying in bulk and selling at retail, while the great bulk of the broker's business consists in buying and selling securities which he does not own for his clients and charging commission for filling their orders.

Methods

The method of the bond house in its dealings is interesting and quite outside the experience of the average man. The buying of large issues of securities is surrounded by so many pitfalls that the majority even of investors do not realize that preliminary investigations have been undertaken by the investment banker before he feels that he is justified in offering them to the public.

The first thing, of course, is to get the bonds. As a rule the company which finds it advisable to raise money by mortgaging its assets goes to some financial house of repute and lays the situation before the members thereof. The house usually considers it an important step, before going farther, to inquire as to the type of men at the head of the business and their methods. Unless both meet with their approval the issue is declined. Then, after going into the details of the business to the fullest extent, the house, if this examination proves satisfactory, enters into negotiations as to price. As a matter of fact, few prospective bond issues get past this preliminary stage. One bond man stated recently that this house turned down at least nine out of ten propositions put before it. The price is often a matter of prolonged negotiations. The managers of every company issuing bonds are convinced that they should get considerably more than the bond house knows it can pay. They generally overlook the fact that the difference between the price paid and that at which the public buys is not all profit by a great deal. The bond house has the expenses of a large selling staff, in addition to other overhead office charges to consider, and when these expenses are taken into account the net profit on an issue of average amount shrinks to a very modest sum. As a matter of fact, the gross profits on bond issues is by no means large, often not so great as the commission paid real-estate agents in handling large transactions. The price once agreed upon, there are several other stumbling blocks to be avoided. The question of the length of time the bonds have to run, the arrangements for providing an adequate sinking fund, and the many other details which experience teaches the house investors desire in a certain manner to be arranged. The borrowing company usually considers these items unimportant or vexations, and perhaps merely so much red tape. All this takes time, patience, and diplomacy.

Then comes the real examination. If the issuing company is a traction or other public-service corporation, engineers of the highest standing are employed to make a thorough physical examination of the plant and equipment, and, disregarding the company's figures, estimate exhaustively the actual value of the company's properties as well as the cost of rebuilding the whole out of new materials —that is what is known as "replacement value." In the case of industrial companies, appraisers of known ability and experience are employed to valuate the plant or plants. In this case also the company's own valuation, as shown on their books, is not considered. The real estate is valued independently by real-estate valuators. At the same time—and this is done in the case of all companies, rail-road, public utility, or industrial—accountants are turned into the company offices to make an independent audit of the books. In this way the issuing house knows absolutely the value of the company's assets, just what their earnings are—and these are always examined over a period of at least three years—and, in short, they seldom take anybody's unsupported word for anything. In employing auditors and valuators the investment houses always invariably employ those of international reputation, as their figures must have weight on both sides of the Atlantic. Nothing is left to chance.

Then the banker's lawyers go into the question of the legality of the issue, to see that all proper, legal safeguards have been taken, and the form of mortgage is drawn up and executed. This is then turned over to the trustee, practically always a trust company, which issues the bonds after they have been signed by the borrowing company's officers, and vouches for the fact that they have been issued in accordance with the mortgage—part of which is printed on the bonds.

Then and then only are the bonds delivered to the public, although most houses sell the issues they purchase before the bonds are printed, which takes some time (one or two months) to do, delivering the purchasers in the meantime "interim certificates," which are exchanged later for the "definitive" bonds themselves.

All these preliminaries run into a whole lot of money, and very often as much as three or four or more months are occupied in the physical, financial, and legal examinations. When, however, this work is completed, to the satisfaction of the investment house, they offer the bonds to their clients without misgivings.

Business Requirements

The ultimate success of a bond house depends altogether on its ability to find and purchase issues that merit investment and on their obtaining and keeping a clientele that has faith in it and its business judgment. In short, a bond house, to be successful, requires a long and growing list of satisfied clients. To satisfy clients it is necessary that they have no cause for uneasiness over the securities in which they have invested—hence the ultraconservative care with which the better houses investigate prospective purchases. Moreover, such houses feel a sort of moral responsibility in seeing their clients' interests are properly safeguarded. They do not feel, as they might, that their duty is over when—after conscientious examination—they have sold the bonds. Some houses take pride in maintaining an active market—except perhaps in times of panic, when it may be impossible to raise enough money to satisfy everybody—for securities they have issued, and are always prepared to repurchase from investors, at a fair market price, securities which they have sold. This, of course, does not in effect guarantee that the bonds will never sell below the issue price. That, of course, would be an attempt to negative the law that supply and demand rule prices. It does mean, however, that the market is not subject to violent fluctuations and that one can realize on one's purchase if circumstances make such a course advisable.

The manner in which municipal loans are purchased is somewhat different. Generally the proposed debentures are advertised by the municipality, and in competition with the other houses the issue is purchased by the highest bidder, "subject to legality." Of course before bidding, the bond houses examine into the physical and financial condition of the issuing, municipality and base their bids on the probable price at which investors will buy the bonds. The accuracy with which this can be figured in normal times makes the bidding very close. In more than one instance that I have noticed recently three of four bids for blocks of bonds up in the hundreds of thousands have been within a few dollars of each other. Once purchased, the by-laws authorizing the issue and notarial statements as to all the essen-

tial steps in making the issue are examined into by lawyers experienced in this sort of work, and until satisfied that the debentures have been legally authorized and issued the bonds are not turned over to the investors.

And so, in buying bonds or debentures from a bond house, the investor need not fear that he is buying something which the house is keen to sell him to make a commission. He is really securing something which they have bought and paid for only after careful investigation. True, they are, not in the business for the mere joy of it. Their reason for being is to make money selling bonds, but, as one writer says, "in so doing they are guided by that enlightened self-interest which used to be expressed by the phrase, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

A Cowboy's Funeral

A little adobe schoolhouse, fenced in from the surrounding ranges with barbed wire, a wide expanse of semiarid land with small areas under cultivation, and large herds of cattle roaming over extended tracts of nearly sterile country—this was the picture outside. Within was a little Massachusetts school-teacher, "not bigger than a pint of cider," as her admirers in the neighborhood said, beginning a missionary school with half a dozen pupils.

Advertise!

Waiting for a wind;
Hanging off and on;
These are the terms the sailors used
In days now past and gone,
Describing why their blessed ships
Were ever late in sailing,
And so lost out in making good
To owners left bewailing.

Too many now hang in the wind
On board another craft—
The craft preservative of crafts—
For some kind fate to waft
Them to a port of trade and gain;
Not using brains or eyes
To note the means to make their way
Is here, and advertise.

The sailors used to whistle
A clear and lively note
To get the wind they longed to get;
This plan would get our goat
To-day, because a whistle shows
One has the wind already,
And all you've got to do, my son,
Is blow it strong and steady.

There was need of the work. There was no place of worship, and there had been no school until the opening of the little mission, and the coming of the little woman from Massachusetts.

Slowly the school grew, and gradually other pupils entered than the very little ones who had constituted the first half-dozen. But there was a wide disparity between the age even of the oldest pupil and that of one who arrived one morning after the school had been in operation about a month. He was a tall young man, with spurs, lariat and sombrero, and he sat his Indian pony as if he had been a centaur. Fastening his horse to the barbed-wire fence, he came inside without knocking, and took his seat without removing his hat.

"Would you like to become a member of the school?" asked Miss Selby.

"Well, I don't know," said he. "I'll see how I like it."

His investigation continued that day and the next. He took no part in the school beyond the occasional throwing of paper wads. This disconcerted the school a little at first, but later attracted no attention, for the teacher herself disregarded it, and found means to suggest quietly to the younger children that they show their visitor a model school. When the school was dismissed at the close of the second day, he approached the teacher with his sombrero in hand, and said:

"I know I hain't behaved decent. I hain't been to school since I was a little shaver, and don't know how to act, but I know better'n I've done, and if you'll forgive me I'll settle down to study. I'd like to come and learn."

The teacher had been waiting for this capitulation, and she improved the opportunity by telling him what obligations he must assume in the way of conduct if he became a member of the school; and by this time he was ready to promise anything.

With great diligence he applied himself to his books, and with even greater ardor to the reading of the papers and magazines which friends in the East were sending to the teacher.

The little school-teacher also had a Sunday-school, and although at first the cowboy pupil thought little of this institution, he attended that he might assist the teacher in the arrangement of the seats. He soon became a most attentive pupil, and before long an earnest seeker after a better life.

So matters went on for more than a year, and the second winter came, the severest known in the settlement. Cattle perished on the prairie. The horses which the children rode to school shivered in the frail sheds in the rear of the building, and in one terrible blizzard these very sheds had to be torn down and burned, since other fuel was lacking. A week the blizzard lasted, and when it was over the cowboy pupil did not reappear in school. He was sick with pneumonia, and in a few days he died.

There was no minister within twenty-five miles, and no Christian funeral had ever been held in the settlement; but the whole community deemed it unbecoming that Jack should be buried without a religious service. So they brought his body three miles across the plains to the little schoolhouse, and the frail young teacher stood before the open coffin, and read, "I am the resurrection and the life." Then she closed her Bible and spoke to the people who had gathered. What she said she never could remember. At first it had seemed impossible that she should say anything, but the blood of Puritan ancestors that had never quailed at duty rose within her, and she stood between the living and the dead, and spoke of the change that had taken place in Jack since first he gained the love of learning, and then the love of God.

The little school-teacher's health broke down soon afterward, and she returned to her Massachusetts home; but the school had grown, and two teachers came to take her place. Many were the traditions which these gathered of their predecessor in the work, but of all her good influences, that most frequently referred to was the earnest word and prayer of the little school-teacher at the grave of her cowboy pupil.

He Earned His Money

Mr. Huckins was trying to make over a screen door for the Widow Jennings. The day was hot and muggy, and she hung over him all day with questions, suggestions and complaints.

"Aren't you getting that too narrow?" asked the widow, hovering over the carpenter in a way suggestive of some large, persistent insect.

"No ma'am," said Mr. Huckins. "You know few minutes ago you thought 'twas too wide, and I measured it to show ye."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jennings. "Well, anyway I believe it'll sag if you don't change the hinges. Just hold it up and see."

Mr. Huckins held the door in place, and proved that the hinges were in the right spots, and after that Mrs. Jennings kept silence for a few moments.

"O dear," she said, grasping Mr. Huckins' hand after the short respite, "Im sure you planed it off so the fles can get in at the top! Please hold it up again, and I'll just get on a chair and see if a fly could squeeze through. You may have to add a piece."

When at last it was hung and Mr. Huckins was ready to depart, the widow asked him for his bill.

"I don't make out any bills," said Mr. Huckins wearily, "but I'll tell ye what this work'll cost, If I'd've done it under the ordinary circumstance I have to contend with, 'twould have been fifty cents, but in this case I'll have to charge ye an extry quarter, ma'am, for pester."

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Quick sales—large profits. Here are three examples of what you can easily earn.
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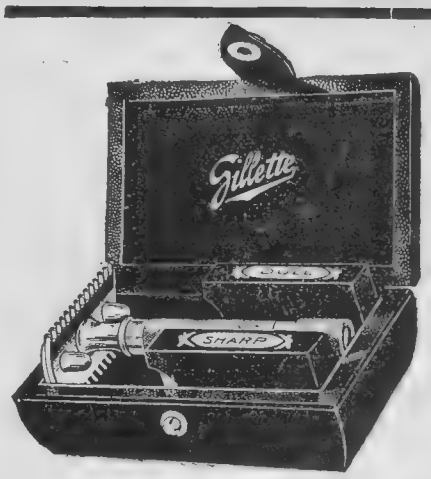

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The Home Doctor

Toes Out of Joint

The great-toe joint is often a sad disturber of comfort. It is the favorite seat of gout, is often enlarged and painful, and the misery may be increased by the formation of a bunion over its rounded convexity; or there may be a dislocation.

These conditions are all distinct. One may exist without the other, although it is the rule to find two or, leaving gout out of consideration, all three present at the same time.

Dislocation of the great toe may occur in any direction, but usually it is lateral, the toe pointing toward the outer edge of the foot and lying over or beneath its neighbor. This creates the deformity known to the surgeon as *Hallux valgus*. It calls for little imagination to realize how painful and crippling this deformity may be. While it is coming on, the constant irritation due to the mal-adjustment of the opposing surfaces of the joint causes extreme tenderness and an aching pain, which, like most joint pains, is worse in cold and damp weather. As the tip of the toe is thrown more and more toward the outer edge of the foot, its joint becomes more and more prominent, and then the rubbing of the shoe, especially of an ill-fitting shoe, excites the bursa over the joint to inflammation, and there is formed a bunion, the misery of which can be fully realized only by the unhappy possessor. Finally the encroachment of the big toe upon the space which belongs to its neighbor forces the latter out of place, either up or down.

If the second toe rides up over the other its prominent mid-joint is soon the site of a hard corn, and the wretchedness which a corn in an exposed place can produce, few people are privileged not to know.

The cause of this toe dislocation is almost always mechanical—the wearing of shoes with pointed toes, especially if the heels are high and the instep not sufficiently snug to prevent a slipping forward of the foot, or (and this is almost as bad) the wearing of stockings with narrow toes. There is nothing in the belief that the trouble is hereditary, except that possibly a certain weakness in the joints, which makes then less able to withstand abuse, may run in a family. There are several things that can be done in the way of treatment of this condition. They will be considered in a later article.

Down With a Cold

My old head aches and my chest feels queer and there's something wrong with my breathing-gear; my ribs are sore and my wishbone throbs, and I fill the house with my wails and sobs. I have rheumatiz in my legs and feet, and I'm twice as hot as the prickly heat; I bark and roar and I cough and sneeze, and I sniff and snort and I whoop and wheeze. But I still have strength in my tortured frame to slay and otherwise hurt and maim the foolish chap who must needs be told the place and time that I caught my cold. When my old head aches till it nearly splits, and I'd sell myself for a brace of bits, when my windpipe's plugged and I have catarrh, and they dope me up from the cold-cure car, with oil of turps and with liquid glue, when they soak my head and my feet they stew, I always slaughter the varlet bold who comes and asks me where I caught my cold, I seize him, spite of his shrieks and groans, and I kill him deader than Davy Jones, yet I fear no Judge in the whole broad land—they've all had colds and they understand.

A Perfect Body

What constitutes a perfect form, is largely a matter of personal opinion. Certainly, however, the old hourglass shape is entirely out of date, and what a blessing it is. Recently the following figures were given out by a group of artists, as being those of a perfect figure: Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 140 lbs.; neck, 13 in.; chest, 33 in.; bust, 36 in.; waist, 26 in.; hips, 36 in.; thighs, 24 in.; calf, 15 in.; upper arm, 11 in.; forearm, 9 in. However, as I have stated before, there are many who would not deem this their ideal in many respects. Of course, if you are shorter or taller, the proportions of your body will vary from these somewhat, and your present state will reflect the habits and training of past years.

The proportions should be observed, as nearly as possible, if milady would appear up to date in the newest dresses. The same hip as bust measurement, with a ten-inch decrease in the waist line, are the lines recommended by the high-grade corsetieres of to-day for the woman who would be strictly modish.—"The Beauty Seeker, in Woman's World for March.

Playing Football on B.C. Sands

Make Us Over

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

Make us over, make us over,
Maid or madcap, child or lover,
Let us leave old Time behind us for a day!
Let life hold the gift to gladden,
Memory lose its power to sadden,
Let the heart of youth still find us for a day!

There are long years of forgetting,
There are dark nights for regretting,—
Something calleth to remember, on the way.
'Tis the red bloom of the holly,
And the tinkling bell of Folly,
And the kindling of love's ember for a day!

Aye, we pay our dole to sorrow,
With cure's coin we trade and borrow.
Let a little laughter blind us for a day,
And while there's a heart to love us,
Or a star in heaven above us,
Oh, then Christmas still shall find us in the good old way!

"Outposts of Empire"

(Words and Music by S. A. Wigley, Edgerton, Alberta, Canada).

1.

Oh scouts in the far distant Homeland,
We're watching by forest and ford.
We're guarding the Outposts of Empire,
Our fathers have won with the sword.

Chorus.

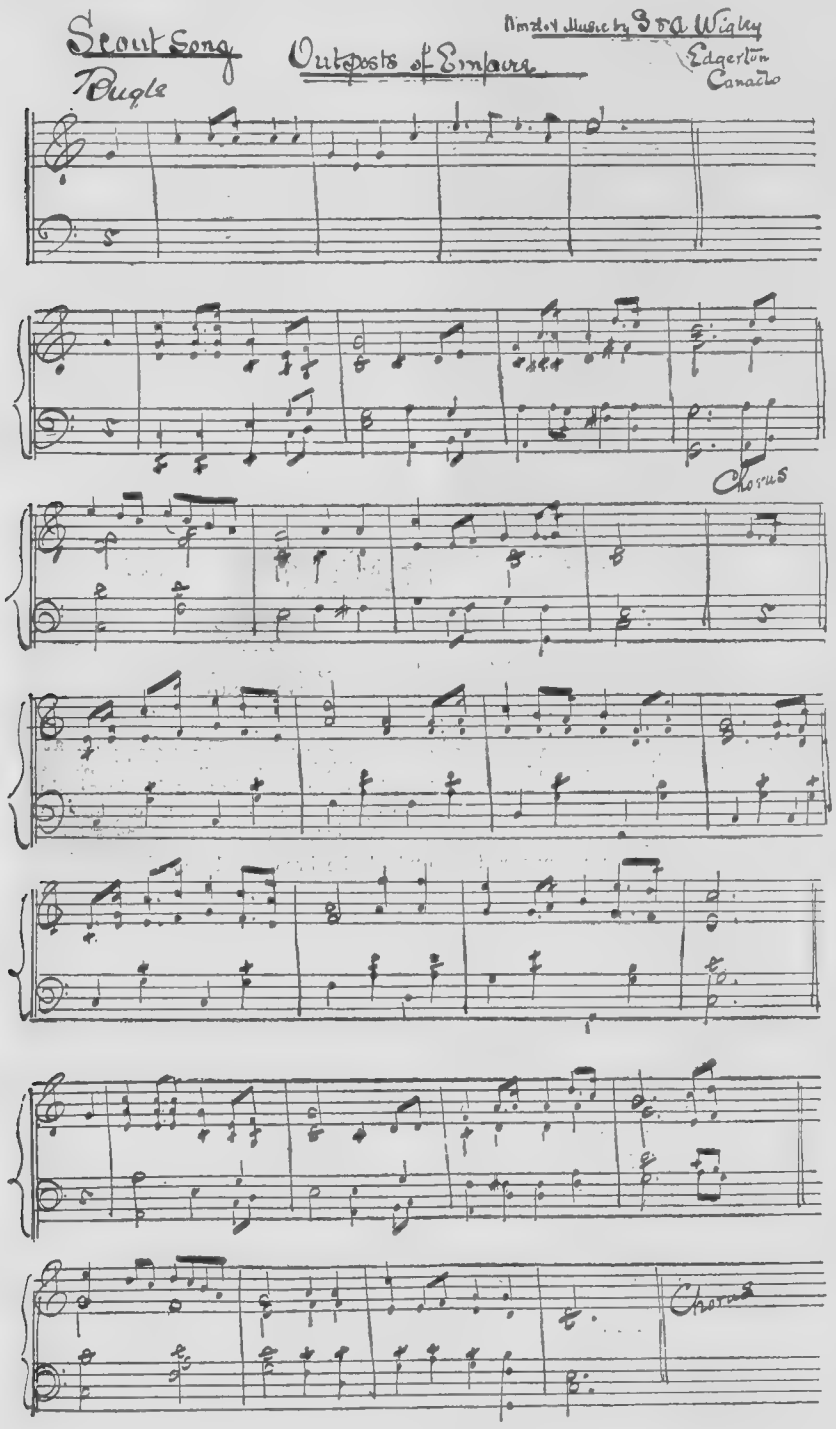
Then rally round the Flag of your Country,
Shame it never by deed or in word
And guard well the outposts of Empire,
Your fathers have won with the sword.

5.

Will you rally round the Flag of your Country?
Shame it never by deed or in word?
Will you guard well the Outposts of Empire
Your fathers have won with the sword?

Chorus.

"We'll aid you to wait in the forest,
You may sleep while we watch by the ford,



2.

Oh scouts in the peaceful old Homeland,
All sheltered from trouble and harm,
Prepared and ready we'll find you
When the bugles sound out the alarm.

Chorus.

3.

Oh scouts at your ease in the Homeland,
In the world as men take your place,
Lest the sickness of luxury stay you,
And you fall far back in the race.

Chorus.

4.

Of scouts in the dear old Homeland
If frozen we fall on the plain,
If we die in the heat of the desert
Or sink in the pitless main.

Chorus.

We'll stand where you stood in the desert,
And keep what you've won with the sword.
We'll rally round the Flag of our Country,
Shame it never by deed or in word,
We'll guard well the Outposts of Empire,
Our fathers have won with the sword."

* * * * *

V. 1-4 sung by "Old" Scout.
The Answer to be sung by all Scouts.

Puss in the Corner

Is a game that charms the very wee ones. The four corners of the room are occupied by the four pussies; the other children stand in a group in the middle. The pussies raise their fingers, beckon to each other and call "Puss, puss, puss!"

Preparing the Way

It was the Sunday of the first heavy snow. A handful of people came out to church in the morning, and plodded home through the snow, which, still falling, filled their tracks and left no record. Nearly all the afternoon the snow continued to fall, without a breath of wind to drift it, and lay a foot deep on the level.

Along toward evening Jerry Wilcox hitched up to the new snow-plow he had nailed together out of boards he found in the shed, and riding on his plow, with two horses plodding before him, made a good wide path from the back door to the barn and round the front of the hen roost and the hog pen. This was the important part of his work, but it was easy to drive round the front of the house and plow a path to the gate, and then to clear the walk in front of the house. The whole enterprise thus far had taken little time in proportion to that which would have been required for shoveling.

Jerry reined in his horses at the end of the house lot, and was about to drive round to the barn. Then he noticed that something still remained of day, and the horses were seeming to enjoy their outing. It occurred to him to drive on to the meeting-house—not that any one was likely to get out after such a storm; but if anybody should, why, the path would help.

And so down the street he rode on his snow-plow, the light snow curling away from the front of his plow like a wave before the bow of a ship; and when he came to the gate of the meeting-house he turned in and left a good path to the door.

Then said Jerry to himself, "I might as well plow round to the minister's door. He will have to come out, anyway." At the parsonage gate he remembered the Widow Stevens, who lived a few doors farther on, who always liked to go to church, and it seemed a pity to have her floundering through the snow, so he went a little farther. And because it was not worth while to come back on the same side of the street, he crossed over, and made a good path in front of the houses on the other side.

Then he thought of Deacon Graham, on the cross-street, and his own Sunday-school teacher round the corner, and he might as well plow round that way and go home by another route.

All this Jerry did, partly from the joy of activity, and partly, and increasingly, with the thought of helping a little. When he had cared for his horses and done his milking and eaten his supper, he thought he would go out to church, and just see if anybody did get out. His mother said, that, since there was so good a path, she believed she would go to church herself; and Jerry's father decided to go along, too.

The crabbed old janitor had been thinking all the afternoon of going to the parsonage and suggesting that the bell be not rung nor the church lighted that night. The minister had more than half expected him. But when the janitor started to wade to church he found a good path, and became more optimistic, and went instead to the meeting-house, and rang the first bell and lighted the church.

A number of families, hearing the bell and looking out, were surprised to find a path, and, having been housed all day, thought it well to stir out and go to meeting. And so it happened that the minister looked over the largest evening congregation that had assembled since the weather got cold.

The text, happily, was; "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"; and the lesson was that, besides those who are to do great things, the world needs those who in faithfulness prepare the way for them.

Said the minister, "I find an illustration close at hand for the lesson of the evening. Few of you would have come to church this evening had not someone thoughtfully plowed a path. If the sermon of to-night does any good, a share in the joy of the accomplishment of that good belongs to him who prepared the way for the members of the congregation to come to the house of the Lord."

Jerry's face was red with the winter air and the exercise, but it grew redder as the flush of embarrasment stole round to the very back of his neck. Everybody said it was one of the best meetings he had ever attended, and that the sermon was uncommonly good.

Next Sunday

In 48 hours your corns will be gone if you use this simple method.

Apply **Blue-jay** tonight. Tomorrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosened. Simply lift it out.

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Some people use old-time treatments, and think corns can't be ended.

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For Corns

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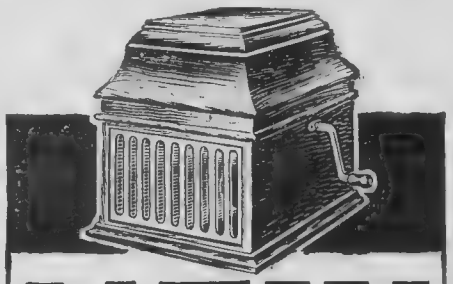

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

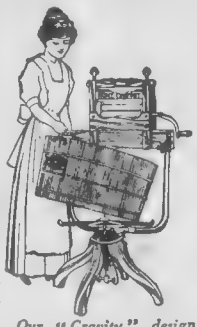
A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, *before they pay for them*, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—
A. T. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.
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Women Gardeners

By W. R. Gilbert

Public opinion is certainly not infallible in its judgments, and many people would unite in saying that it is prone to a particularly annoying habit of regarding as startling and positively dangerous—novelties—things which in reality are almost as old as the hills. A good example of this was afforded by the advent of women into the ranks of professional gardeners, through the medium of a college training, now about twenty years ago. It was useless to point out that women have uninterruptedly been very prominent in field and garden occupations in most countries from time immemorial, and that many of them of the gentlest birth were clever and hardworking amateur (and, more exceptionally, professional) gardeners in England long before Swanley College was started, even when it was thought ladylike to be languishing; indeed, timorous to the degree of fainting at the sight oof a worm! No, the Press, and, consequently, the public, was convinced that to take up gardening was a particularly bold move on the part of the "newest" and most revolutionary women; nor have they entirely abandoned the belief that a professional woman gardener is something very strange, and therefore possible reprehensible (though nobody knows why) to this day.

The public clings to a sort of ideal belief that "woman's place is in the home" with amazing tenacity. It forgets that in baking, brewing, weaving, spinning, &c., she did a great part of the work of the world at home until modern developments in manufacturing perforce altered that state of affairs. As a matter of fact it is impossible for large numbers of women to remain at home to-day. Certainly, if they attempted to, their male relatives would find it such an intolerable burden as to be quickly driven to make forcible protest.

A good example of the incredulous manner in which professional women gardeners were then regarded is afforded by the following letter.:

"A good many young ladies at the present time seem anxious to learn gardening. There was I believe, at one time

Woman Gardener, at Training College, England

a sort of institution managed by a lady who gave instruction. But I have recently heard that the whole thing has come to grief. . . . I must confess that for my part I think the outlook is not very hopeful. Some parts of gardening work are suitable enough to neat-handed women. Sticking in cuttings, budding, and grafting, they would probably do better than men. But these are only incidents in the business. There is an immense amount of rough work which, if anyone is ever to be a professional gardener, must be gone through. We reckon here that it takes five years' steady training to turn a youth into an efficient gardener, and up to that point they cannot earn more than 18 shillings ($4½) a week. No girl who has not an exceptionally strong physique could stand it. A young lady in the country pleaded very hard to be taken on here in our houses as a gardener. But in my judgment the thing would be physically impossible."

Women Gardeners, Kew Gardens, England

But mark the sequence. A few years later the writer of the above had become so far converted that a great fillip was given to the movement by women gardeners being employed at Kew Gardens, England. They worked the same long hours and performed the same arduous duties as the men, and it was most clearly proved that they were physically capable of doing so; in fact, they even had to work in male costume. Judging by the records of the ten women who worked at Kew, it would appear that only a small percentage of women gardeners long continue actively in the profession, but marriage is largely accountable for this. One of the leading gardeners has said that, although he is sympathetic to women gardeners, he considers it as a duty to those concerned to point out that there are hundreds of competent experienced men gardeners who are glad to accept situations at scavengers' rates, and that many good men fail to make a living at market gardening. It should be more widely known that the chances in the older branches of the profession for college-trained, intelligent young women are not very good.

I feel this point should be emphasized, but it applies equally to young men as well as women who are disposed to take up gardening. I do not say that women with a natural aptitude for the work and possessed of determination to succeed cannot do so; in fact, there is a growing demand for women in several branches of horticulture as teachers, as companion gardeners, &c. Indeed, I think there is less to be said against the daughters of professional men taking up gardening than against their brothers being trained in it.

Looked at apart from the question of pecuniary gain, there is much that is admirable about women in horticulture. Their enthusiasm is unbounded, the energy they put into the most strenuous and even uninviting tasks is remarkable, and male gardeners who have opportunity of judging are generally much impressed by this. Any little jealousy that exists is due to a not unnatural fear that women with less practical experience, but more social gifts, may secure some of the better paid posts, together with some dread of being possibly undersold in the labor market. But as regards this last it is pleasant to be able to point out that there is a determination on the part of many women gardeners to stand out for reasonable conditions of employment, and their advent into the profession may therefore help to raise the status of gardeners rather than lower it.

The environment and training of a horticultural college must be of real benefit to the students. Many girls pass through Newham and Girton Colleges, who do not afterwards intend to enter any profession, with excellent results, and, as domestic accomplishments are much in evidence at Swanley, these places are even more desirable as alma mater, indeed, Mr. Yoshio Markino would undoubtedly rank their products very high among his "ideal John Bullesses." Progress by women gardeners has not been as rapid as was anticipated by pioneers in the movement, nor am I aware that any of them have as yet accomplished very great things. But women gardeners have undoubtedly come to stay, and as years go by fewer and fewer of those who have any knowledge of the subject can be found to voice the once general opinion that gardening is an unsuitable profession for women. I earnestly counsel girls not to take up gardening in the belief that they will find it a primrose path, but believe that few even of those who have done so and failed now regret it.

Three Little White Heads

By Emily S. Barber

Three little white heads in the doorway
The father and mother can see,
As they drive home from town in the twilight,
As weary as weary can be.

There's a light in the eyes of the mother,
The father looks up with a smile.
"Look, mother," he says, "at the children!
They've been watching, I know, a long while."

The little heads bob in the doorway.
"Hurrah! pa and ma have come back.
O mother, we wanted you sorely!
We all have been crying but Jack.

"He says he's too big for a baby,
But he winked and he rubbed at his eyes,
And I guess he'd have cried in a minute,
But we saw the nice doughnuts and pies,

"And the bread and the cheese that you left us,
So we sat down and ate up our lunch,
And then we played games and told stories!"
They are clamoring all in a bunch.

"And what did you bring us dear mother?
We know you got dresses and shoes,
But did father get peanuts and candy?
And pencils and slates we can use?"

But soon they are all round the table.
"Thank the Lord for the meal that He spreads,"
The father says, softly. The mother
Smiles, and looks at three little white heads.

When father and mother are resting
At last, when the shadows are deep,
And the little white heads of the children
Have nodded away into sleep,

She says, with a sigh, "We are happy;
Our children are safe in their home.
I wish they could stay with us always,
But some of them surely will roam."

"Let us hope for the best," says the father.
"If they go they will often come back."
But the mother looks anxious and wistful
As she thinks of her girls and of Jack.

How oft in the years that are coming
She will think of those little white heads,
And wish that again they were children
She might cuddle and kiss in their beds!

Mesdames Seaman and Petersen, 283 Smith Street, Winnipeg, inform us that they have just purchased the entire stock of hair goods belonging to a large Belgian importer, and can offer same to the public at a very low figure. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in having the opportunity of participating in such bargains.

Seen In Passing

They have chanced to meet on the city street,
And she runs to greet her love
With a glow of surprise in her shining eyes,
And a welcoming outstretched glove;
She tenderly takes his hand in hers,
And then, as I watch them kiss,
My heart awakening thrills and stirs
At sight of their childish bliss.

Oh, love, all dressed in your frills and furs,
And I in my new top hat,
Your greetings were once as frank as hers,
And our love sincere as that;
For what if she is but five and a half,
And he but six years old?
Ah, would our lips could as gaily laugh,
And our love be half so bold!

It was years ago that we used to know
The charm of a cloudless love;
My boyish feet trod fancy's street
With fancy's skies above;
Through nights and days in a lovelit maze
Your heart came seeking mine;
Oh, where is the glow that we used to know,
And the love that we dreamed divine?

Seek not, you say, for a spell that's lost—
Well, perhaps your advice is best;
But my heart is a trifle tempest tossed,
And yearns for an hour of rest;
And that passing glimpse of a child's love life
Has left in its path a pain
At thought of what we have been, my wife,
And never can be again!

Guy Wetmore Carry.

School Libraries

Schools should have just as complete libraries as they can possibly secure, and have them so classified and graded that pupils will read those books suitable for their age. A school of which I know is handling this matter in an ideally practical and satisfactory way. Its library is more complete than is that of many schools, but no more so than could be the case, if pupils, parents and teachers were sufficiently interested. There is a carefully selected shelf of books for each grade in the school above first. The little first-graders have their stories told to them, but beginning with the second grade, each child in the school is required to read, or to have read to him at home so that he can report upon it, at least one book a month from the shelf belonging to his grade. These range in style and length from the myths, fables, nursery classics and farmyard and nature stories of the second and third grades, to "Uncle Remus," "Hoosier School Boy," "Little Women," "Wonder Books," etc., of the sixth grade, with still more advanced reading for seventh and eighth grades when there are such.

This library belongs to the school and community, but another school, not so well equipped, still furnishes a variety of good reading to its pupils through the traveling libraries loaned by the state to any reputable group of people, for transportation charges only. The progressive teacher who began this arrangement paid the transportation charges of the first library herself, but since then the district had been glad to attend to the matter itself.

These traveling libraries, as many of you know, are composed of 50 or more miscellaneous volumes that may be kept for three months, renewed upon application, or exchanged for a new one whenever desired. Thus a community, if so disposed, may have the use of several hundred books during the year, for a very small sum of money paid out in freight charges. So wherever we are, there is but little excuse for a lack of good reading for our young people.—Michigan Farmer.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story.

One day sone curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed, "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

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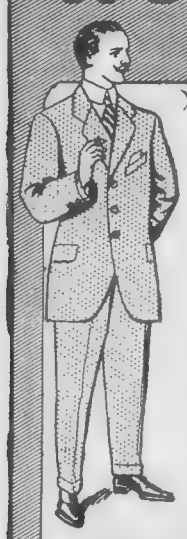

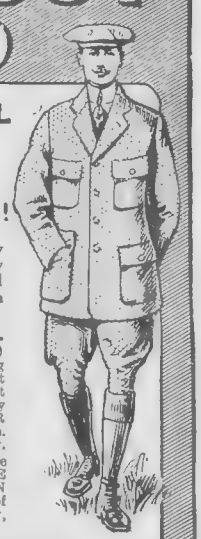

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About the Farm

Frosted Corn Just as Good for Feed

As the years go by, says a Canada farmer, I am coming more and more to value maturity in the corn for silo. I used to be continually afraid of getting the corn frosted and preferred to have it a little green as a lesser evil of the two. I now would risk frost any time rather than put green corn in the silo. For some reason or other the cows milk better on mature ensilage and it goes farther. The professors tell us that mature corn has much more food value, and they must be right.

In case I do let the corn stand a little too long and it gets frosted, I cut it into the silo just the same, sprinkling it with water and tramping it down solid. It is then just about as good for feeding purposes as if the frost had not gotten near it.

Succeeds with Clover and Redtop

R. E. Barrett

I purchased one bushel of clover seed and 100 pounds of recleaned redtop, just half enough, some would say, but as I had made many failures before, I did not feel like spending money for more. When the time came to sow the ground was frozen as hard as a rock, and as I wanted to sow by the common method practised in this section, which is what we call the bugle or horn sower, guided by stakes stuck in the ground, I was greatly puzzled at first. But remembering that necessity is the mother of invention, I set about to devise some means or plan by which I might get the seed sown at this time. I soon hit upon the following plan, which worked to perfection:

I obtained stakes 6 inches long and about the size of a large bean pole and to the bottom of these I tacked three pieces, sloping them on one side at the top, where I tacked them to the pole, and I was ready to go to work. These pieces which act as legs and are tacked on to the long pole, should be 18 inches long and as much as an inch square, so that the weight of them will cause the stake to stand up in any wind in which we wish to sow seed.

Sows Clover on Frozen Ground

If well made these stakes will last for years, if you choose to lay them up where they will not get broken and believe me, they made several dollars in my neighborhood last year. I loaned my stakes to my neighbor just across the road, and some of the others caught the idea and used the same method, and all clover sown by them made a fine stand, while that sown in March after the ground had thawed was either in spots here and there, or a total failure. I like it much better sowing while the ground is frozen, as it is much easier walking on solid ground than walking in the mud shoe top deep.

Natural Incubation

By W. A. Sherman

Since the broody hen is likely to be the main dependence of the farmer for hatching chicks, and since the fowls which are kept in comparatively small flocks comprise the greater part of the poultry of the country, it follows that the proper handling of the hen is of far more importance to the industry as a whole than is the most skillful manipulation of the mechanical incubator. The man or woman who handles a flock of 300 fowls or less should be especially interested in so managing the sitting hens as to get the greatest result in the shortest time and with the least possible percentage of loss. In all poultry literature no single subject which is of so great importance, which is so easily within the grasp of every reader, and in which rules can be laid down that are of so nearly universal application, has been given such scant attention.

The first point to be emphasized is that broodiness is not a voluntary condition. No hen sits because she is mentally conscious of a desire to sit, and no broody hen deserts her nest because of any perversity of disposition. She sits because of a change in her physical condition which she is powerless to control, and she leaves the nest when this condition no longer exists, very much as the fever patient leaves his bed and gradually resumes his normal activities when the fever is spent. Broodiness is a fever which does not reach its height until two days or more after it is first manifested. Hence the hen should not be given eggs earlier than this if she is to be set where she has laid, nor should she be moved to a new nest until she has been two nights on her own nest. Many losses result from setting the hen too soon, only to find that she did not really have a sitting fever, but had simply given a false alarm.

Probably nine-tenths of all hens that are allowed to hatch eggs are expected to incubate them in the same nest in which their clutch has been laid; and it is safe to say that in a majority of cases this is wrong. Indeed it is very conservative to say that three-fourths of the hens on the average farm will do better if moved to well-made nests where privacy is guaranteed than they can possibly do if set where other hens have access to their nests. No man thinks of running an incubator in a hen-house where fowls can perch on the thermostat. Yet millions of hens are set every year where they are climbed over or driven off by other hens, and when returning to the nest they are expected to choose correctly between nests of which there may be twenty as nearly alike as man's ingenuity can devise. The absurdity of expecting the hen to hatch successfully under such conditions would be apparent if we were not so accustomed to accepting them as a matter of course.

The Homing Instinct

Another vital mistake is made in ignoring the fact that the homing instinct of the hen is accentuated by the sitting fever and that the desire to sit in the place where her eggs were laid will always overcome her tendency to stay with eggs which may be given her elsewhere. For this reason, even after she has been contentedly brooding in a new place for a week or more, she will return to the original nest if given an opportunity to do so. It is therefore never safe to give full liberty to a sitter if she is on the same farm where she has laid her eggs, but those which have been bought from other farms can be liberated after the first week if desired, since they are unacquainted with the surroundings and will not wander far from the nest. In our own hatching we use all of our own hens which become broody, purchasing at the same time all the sitters we can find in neighboring flocks. All are set in coops made especially for the purpose, and if they are not moved until the fever is well established not one in ten fails to settle down to business in her new quarters.

Favors The Holstein Breed

The Board of Council of the State of North Dakota is preparing to establish pure-bred Holstein-Friesian herds at each of the seven penal and charitable institutions under their supervision. In fact, pure-bred foundation herds have already been established at the larger of the institutions and others will follow

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WINNIPEG

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shortly. Co-operating with the state dairy department daily herd records are being kept and hereafter detailed data of production will be a part of each superintendent's monthly report to the board.

Assistant Dairy Commissioner, E. A. Greenwood, of Valley City, N.D., will start a record for the herd of cows at the state hospital farm in order to determine which are the best animals for keeping, and to cut out the unprofitable cows. The same record will be started at all the state institutions where cattle are kept on institution farms. Mr. Greenwood states that there is a big demand for pure-bred sires, and that farmers are beginning to weed out their scrub cows and build up their herds with better milk-producing animals. By keeping records of milk production and testing for butterfat, a cow soon becomes especially valuable, if she is a good milker with well-developed milk veins. With her proved record her offspring is worthy of a fancy price.

Mr. Greenwood favors Holsteins for general purposes for both the farm and dairy in his State because the milk productioin is large and they are unexcelled for beef purposes when out of the dairy, while they are able to stand the climate much better than the small and less rugged breeds.

Golden Rule For Poultry

The golden rule in feeding poultry (says the "Farm, Field, and Fireside") is to give the birds no more than they will eat up quickly, and which they will run after if thrown a good distance, as then they eat their food with a relish, which is most helpful to them in several ways.

No food should be left lying about the yards or runs, or even left in troughs, as the very sight of such food turns the fowls against it, as well as attracting sparrows, mice and rats, and when rats once get into a poultry yard they often kill the little chickens in addition to stealing the food.

When fowls leave their food they should be made to miss a meal, and they will soon find the lost appetite, and the rest given clears the system, and in many cases this does the birds much good.

When there is a dry plot of grass or gravel the fowls should be fed on it, but where there is a covered run or out building, with a lot of loose stuff at the bottom, a good deal of the corn should be thrown into the covered-up part, and this gives the birds scratching exercise, which is specially valuable, because it brings health, vigor and vitality to the birds in the cold weather.

Where farmers constantly feed their fowls in the farmyard they should alstuff, etc., so that the birds may scratch for it and continually get the muchways throw the corn amongst the loose needed exercise.

Poultry-keepers who wish for success cannot afford to forget the sharp grit, which is absolutely necessary to aid in the assimilation of their food, as it performs the same act for fowls as teeth do for animals. The food has to be masticated before it can be digested, and this is particularly the case with the hard corn. Fowls cannot keep healthy and thrive for long together unless they have a good supply of sharp grit in one form or other.

Replanning for Efficiency

The improvement of the countryside, both around homes and over the landscape as a whole, is imperative. Beginning in occasional addresses before farmers' meetings, the importance of planning and adorning the farm and the open country has recently been emphasized by teachers and institutions. The literature from agricultural colleges contains frequent and detailed instruction on the planning of the farmyard and the fields for efficiency.

In the single detail of the location of buildings vast changes may be made on almost every farm which will lead to increased results from labor, the saving of time, and a decided improvement in the appearance of the place. On few farms are the buildings located so that there is no needless travel in performing the regular duties of the care of animals. Few farms have a water supply available at the point where it is consumed. It is quite the common thing to "lead the horses to water," to "drive the cows to pasture" and to "go down to the garden to get the day's supply of vegetables." All of these journeys, however short, mean the expenditure of energy which might be otherwise employed. The mere fact that a group of farm buildings is located at one corner of a farm may rob the team of a large amount of time each day which might be employed in work, but which is actually used in traveling to and from the principal fields. Every farm-owner needs to study his own peculiar conditions in this respect. We shall shortly present articles giving the basic principles of replanning the farm; but to any thoughtful observer many economies will occur. There is an eternal relation between beauty and utility, and a community of well-planned farms creates a beautiful countryside.

Rearing of Calves

A matter of fundamental importance in calf-rearing is the untiring attention that it demands from the person to whom the care of the calves is entrusted. Whatever light may be obtained from experiments on the relative merits of different methods of feeding whichever may be the best cream or milk substitute, the information will not ensure the best calves being reared unless it is accompanied by that watchful eye which is absolutely essential in the attendant.

It is often the case that the calves possessing the best "bloom," the thriftiest coats, and that exuberance of spirits that one likes to see in young animals are found on small farms where the responsibility of feeding the calves is, fortunately, in the hands of the wife. The calves are regarded almost as fondly as children; no pains are spared, any failing in appetite is cause for anxious solicitude, remedies unknown to the scientific mind are resorted to, and the reward is the satisfaction that an ailing calf has been brought round, to develop later into possibly the best one of the batch

Manure for Mangels

Mangels appear to want potash more than various other farm crops, and yet experiment shows a surprising want of uniformity in the results obtained in a vast number of experiments. These range from serious minus quantities up to profitable gains, and suggest that the action of potash is dependent to a considerable extent on the way in which it is used, apart from soil. And this is the case, although potash, always somewhat of an unknown quantity, is really more consistent than phosphates in its behaviour with this crop. One remarkable point about it is its value when accompanied by dung, as it appears to exert most influence when it is than unaccompanied by other fertilizers. This shows us clearly that it does not do to take for granted the sufficient presence of potash whenever dung is used. Another striking point about its use for mangels is the different effect which potash exercises when salt is present. In many cases potash is entirely unnecessary then, but in some of the recent experiments salt has been found beneficial or not according to the kind of potash salt used, the chloride, as might be supposed, being the better without salt, and the converse being the case with the sulphate.—"Agricultural Economist."

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller—"How is your little girl?"

Caller—"I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl."

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—"How is your little boy?"

Caller—"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small Girl—"What are yours?"

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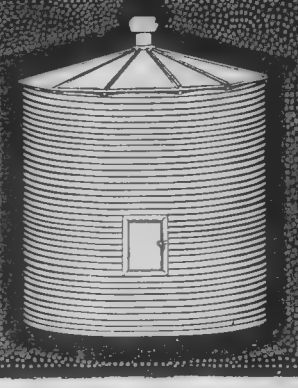

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Fashions and Patterns

FALL styles promise much that is picturesque. The Russian tunic and Cossack bodice will vie with each other for popular favor. Oriental notes are introduced in colorings and trimmings. Styles of the year 1880 in Jersey effects and bouffant draperies are revived.

The narrow underskirts which are a note in present Paris fashions, are a purely Russian inspiration. Cashmere corded silks, moires, in fancy satine stripes, corded effects and brocaded patterns, show many novel designs. These new moire silks are made with a stiffer finish, which is the case with all the new dress materials. Taffetas in stripes, plaids and embroidered effects are shown.

There are new diagonal and striped fabrics, for trimmings on suite and coats.

Velvety surfaced fabrics, made of artificial silk and wool in Pekin stripes are fine for separate coats and wraps.

Serges are shown in blue with stripes in Scotch colorings.

A new material for sport or jaunt coats is made of woolen with a finish of velour or plush dyed in high colors.

A good motor coat is made of wool velour in reddish brown and white check. This model is in cape style, with a loose back; the fulness of the front is confined by a belt placed lower than the natural waistline. The collar is most novel, covering the shoulders and forming a sort of hood at the back.

Velvet, combined with beautiful embroidered taffeta, was used for an evening wrap. The velvet was used for the vest and collar and cuffs. The back shaped and draped in shawl style is most novel.

Waists are made in the new semi-fitted styles, in surplice effects and with straight low waisted finish.

Sleeves as a rule are long and set in at the regular place.

Collars are made in various styles, some quite low with rolled-over edges, others fit close at the back of the neck, and have openings in front. The flare collar with "V" front and standing away at the back is still popular for dressy fall models.

Most skirt designs show long lines, long tunics, plaited and plain, with and without yoke effects. Circular flounces

The Rocks of British Columbia

A pretty dancing frock is made of orchidee taffeta, combined with net of the same shade. A full tunic of taffeta and net, falls in straight folds over the front, while at the back it is draped in bustle effect. The waist is in surplice style, with close fitting sleeve set in at the armscye.

Another lovely dress has a Cossack tunic of net embroidered in a Russian design. The underdress is of white satin, short enough to show feet and ankles, but finished with a square train.

Black velvet will be fashionable for suits and gowns. A stylish model made with a long loose coat, has braid bound edges and a sash girdle of satin. The sash ends are held down by buttoned straps on the front of the jacket. The sleeve is a straight one piece model with turned back cuffs. The collar is high and flaring. The skirt is cut in the new circular fashion, fitting the figure closely above the knees, from which part it stands out in bell shape.

Some of the new cape coats are made with vest arrangements, to simulate jacket forms.

A stylish model on these lines has a long coat like vest, with deep pockets. The cape is full and circular. It is made of striped cloaking, in a new shade, Burgundy brown, and finished at the neck with a long flat collar edged with a border of fur.

A gown of black taffeta, with button front and long waisted back has a plaited skirt with a long open front tunic. A narrow sash of black taffeta trims the hips and defines the low waistline.

The full length sleeve fit the arm closely. A small low collar is topped by an organdy collar in medici style.

set on below the knee. Some skirts show plaited panels at front and back; others are made with circular flounces at the sides.

The newest waists are smooth fitting over the bust, and drawn in snugly at the waistline.

Many blouses are finished to wear outside the skirt. "V" neck effects will not be so fashionable this fall.

Fur coats are made with cutaway fronts and set in sleeves, and in from 36 to 45 inch lengths. Contrasting furs are used for trimming stand up collars, and wide turnback cuffs.

Muffs are made in pillow and saddle shapes, also in reduced rug and tubular styles.

1013—A Simple Popular Shirt Blouse.—The pretty soft crepes and voiles, rice cloth, ratine, silk, madras or lawn are all admirably adapted to this style. The fronts are open at the throat, forming narrow revers facings, that meet a deep round collar in notches. The body and sleeve is cut in one, and the sleeve may be finished in short or wrist length. This style in handkerchief linen, with just a touch of embroidery, would make a cool and dainty waist. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern, 10c.

Nothing as Good for Asthma. Asthma remedies come and go but every year the sales of the original Dr. J. D. Kellogg Asthma Remedy grow greater and greater. No further evidence could be asked of its remarkable merit. It relieves. It is always of the same unvarying quality which the sufferer from asthma learns to know. Do not suffer another attack, but get this splendid remedy to-day.

1006-1003—A Charming and Attractive Style.—As a dancing frock, or for other social functions, this style would develop prettily in any of the soft crepes, batistes and silks now so popular. A lovely development was shown in voile in a nels rose shade, with trimming of lace and insertion, tiny bows of satin caught with small pearl buckles trim the waist front. For an inexpensive dress, figured crepe could b used, with trimming of lace or embroidery. The Waist Pattern for which No. 1006 furnishes the model, is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern No. 1003, is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 9½ yards of 27-inch material for medium size for the entire dress. The skirt measures about 1½ yards at the lower edge.

9999—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.—For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much wearer, although it may be omitted if desired. Gingham, denim, Holland and cambric are all suitable for the making, and finishing braid or narrow edging may be used for trimming. The medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large.

1014—Ladies' Skirt with Tunic. (In Raised or Normal Waistline.) — This practical and desirable model is good for any of this season's popular dress materials. For the new worsted checks or plaids, for serge, voile, silk, poplin, gingham, linen or drill it will be found very appropriate. The tunic could be finished separately, or made of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 4⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures 1¾ yards at the lower edge. Pattern, 10c.

to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the entire fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeve in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The pattern is good for gingham, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern, 10c.

9859—A Practical Apron.—A useful apron of generous housewifely size designed to protect the entire dress. The back is held in position by a strap of material that is buttoned to the front at the waistline. A pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the

1016—Girl's Dress with Short or Long Sleeve.—Blue linene with trimming of blue and red checked gingham is here shown. The model is good for voile, ratine, rice cloth, chambrey, galatea, serge or silk. The closing is in front. The skirt is a 3-piece model with plaits in front and at the sides. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern, 10c.

9997—Girl's Dress with Kimono Yoke and Long or Short Sleeves.— Checked gingham in pretty brown tones is here combined with brown chambrey. The model is also good for linen, lawn, crepe, voile, rice cloth, pique, batiste and silk. It is nice for nainsook or lawn with skirt and trimming of embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern, 10c.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

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"WHEN the food reaches the stomach it is subjected to a peculiar churning movement by the muscular walls of the stomach"—(See Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, page 45). In the liver, kidneys and skin, the blood is purified of its waste materials—these organs act as human filters, leaving the blood pure and clear—unless liver, digestive tract and kidneys are clogged.

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is a stomach, liver and kidney tonic—by assisting the stomach to assimilate, the liver to filter, the kidneys to act—the poisons are removed, the red blood corpuscles are increased and one feels light, fresh and active instead of logy, dull and heavy. The "Discovery" stimulates the stomach, increases action of heart and arteries and is a most satisfactory alterative in blood-taint of any character. The refreshing influence of this extract of native medicinal plants has been favorably known for over forty years. Everywhere some neighbor can tell you of the good it has done.

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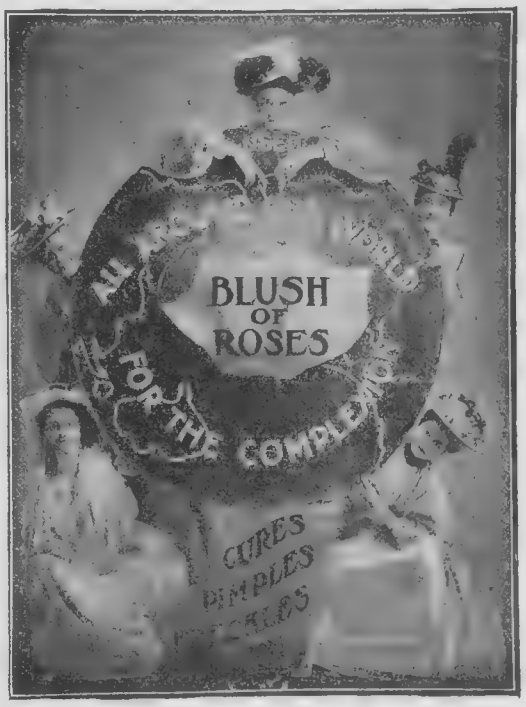

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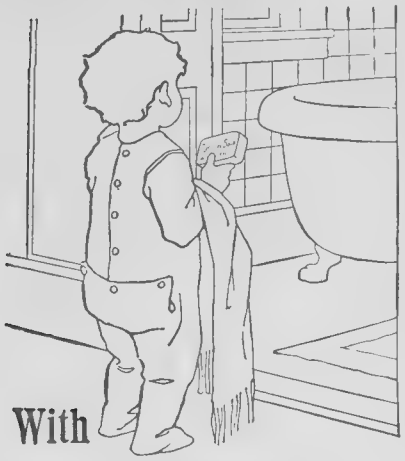

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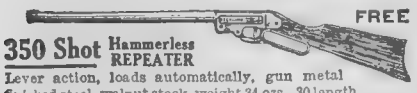

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Ha! Ha! Ha! Loads of fun with our Scrambled Picture Puzzles. Everybody wild about 'em. To introduce our rare novelty line, we will send 2 entirely different puzzles for only **10c.** Act quick! Youell's Novelty Shop, Kakabeka Falls, Ont.

1011 — **Girl's Dress** — This attractive model was developed in white linene, with blue and white dotted percale for trimming. The yoke on the fronts may be omitted. The dress is also suitable for lawn, crepe, voile, challie, gingham, chambrey or galatea. The waist portions are joined to a two piece skirt portion, under the broad belt. The sleeve in either style is comfortable and pretty. 12 years. It requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern, 10c.

1015—**Ladies' Costume**—This design as here illustrated was developed in blue crepe, with trimming of dotted silk, and white net for the waist. The collar of the waist was prettily embroidered in colors to match the material. The skirt has a gathered tunic, and a trimming of two ruffles. This model is adapted to silk, moire, linen, rice cloth, ratine, lawn, voile, chambrey or batiste. It is graceful and stylish. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 8¾ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 1¾ yard at its lower edge.

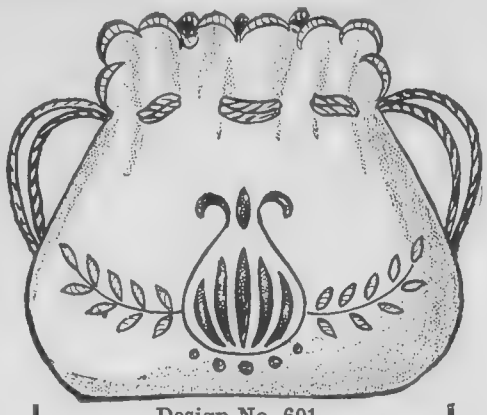
1004.—**Girl's French Dress**—This neat little model is cut in kimono style, with the fulness of the sleeve confined by a sleeve-band. The waist is made with square neck outline, and is lengthened by a full skirt portion. As here shown white dimity was used, with trimming lawn or batiste. For gingham, percale, of Swiss insertion. The new crepe will combine prettily for this style, with voile, silk, and linen this style is good also. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. It requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern, 10c.

9992—**Ladies' One Piece Apron.**— This model affords protection and covering to the dress and is comfortable and neat in appearance. It is fitted by a dart under the arms, and has ample pockets in front. Gingham, chambrey, percale, lawn, cambric, muslin, alpaca, or denim may be used for this design. It is easy to make, and may be trimmed with edging, or the free edges may be scalloped and embroidered. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

1017—**A Group of Stylish Collars.** — These models are smart and up-to-date. They are suitable for any of the prevailing dress or lingerie materials. No. 1. would be pretty in cool, dotted net or in batiste or lawn. No. 2. is very appropriate for pique, or linen. No. 3. could be made of cloth, silk or velvet; also of any wash material, while No. 4. is also good for such fabrics. The pattern includes all styles illustrated, and requires for No. 1. ¾ yard, for No. 2. ¾ yard, for No. 3. ⅝ yard, and for No. 4. ¾ yard of 24-inch material for a medium size. It is cut in 3 sizes: small medium and large.

9827—**A Neat and Serviceable Model**—This model is cut on popular and becoming lines. The fronts show a neat tuck below the collar. The neck is finished with tiny revers. The sleeve may be long and close fitting, or in shorter length, with a shaped cuff. The skirt is cut on simple lines and the back has gathered fulness at the waistline. The design is suitable for serge, percale, galatea, seersucker, gingham or chambrey, linen or lawn. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 yards.

1001—**Boy's Suit with Knickerbockers**—This model has raglan sleeve portions that form a yoke over the fronts. The blouse is made with coat closing, and sailor collar, the sleeve is finished with a neat cuff. The knickerbockers are in regulation style, with the fulness at the leg held in place by an elastic band. Suits of this fashion are fine for little boys, and are appropriate for Devonshire cloth, linen, drill, linene, pique, galatea, seersucker, percale, serge or gingham. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Pattern, 10c.



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1005—Girl's Two Piece Dress — This model has a waist or guimpe, that may be finished with a long sleeve having a band cuff, or in short sleeve style, with turn-back cuff. The waist is cut with body and short sleeve portion combined. The skirt portion is laid in deep plaits and is buttoned to the waist under an inside belt. Ornamental buttons may be added. For a comfortable play or school dress, either with or without bloomers, this style is to be recommended. It is good for galatea, drill, linen, chambrey, gingham, lawn, crepe, or challie. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 4⅜ yards of 27-inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern, 10c.

1019—Girl's Dress, with Lining, and with long or Short Sleeve—Long waisted effects in blouse style, are popular and becoming. The model here shown, would be very pretty for voile, crepe, challie, silk, lawn, dimity, or rice cloth. The skirt is made in a panel in front and back, and the waist has a pretty yoke form, cut in kimono style, with long or short sleeve, as preferred. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes; 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 44-inch material for a 12 year size. Pattern, 10c.

9998—Ladies Kimono—This design is good for crepe, crepe de chine, chalie, batiste, lawn, organdie, cashmere, voile dimity or silk. The fronts are faced and turned back to form revers. The sleeve is cut in one with the body portions, and finished with a shaped cuff. The fulness is gathered at raised waistline, under a full girdle. As here shown pink crepe, embroidered with white dots was used. The trimming is of pink satin, and the girdle of black messaline. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4¾ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

1008—Ladies' Dressing Sack.— Dotted lawn was used for this model. It is equally good for challie, crepe, ratine, rice cloth, voile, dimity or silk. The design is cut without a shoulder seam and is easy to develop. The fulness of the fronts is gathered under a belt extension. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large.

1018-1010—A Pretty Style for Home or Afternoon Wear—Figured voile combined with embroidery is here shown. The design is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1018, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1010. The skirt is plaited over the hips, and draped in bustle style over the back. The waist closes diagonally in front, and may be finished with or without the collar, and with long sleeve, or with short sleeve and fancy cuff. This dress is also suitable for batiste, ratine, rice cloth, voile, lawn, madras, gingham, or challie. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7⅛ yards of 40-inch material to make the dress for a 36-inch size. Two Patterns, 10c. each.

1012—Dress for Misses and Small Women—As here shown figured blue and white foulard was combined with plain charmeuse. The waist is made with added bib or bodice portions; it is cut with body and sleeves combined, the sleeve portion being lengthened by an added set in section to which a flare cuff is joined. The skirt is draped in puff effect, and finished with a flounce that encircles it in spiral effect. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 7¾ yards of 44-inch material for a 17 year size. The skirt measures about 1 1/3 yard at its lower edge. Pattern, 10c.

9821—Ladies' One Piece Corset Cover, in Round, Square or "V" Neck Edge—Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe, or silk. Any desired trimming may be used. The design is very simple, and easy to make. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

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In a Child's Idea Flows Puffed Grains Nowadays

When children grow up their idea of plenty may be heaps of gold. But now they only dream an abundance of what they like best. And that, with countless children, is Puffed Wheat or Rice.

Every such child should have it.

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Serve with cream and sugar. Mix the grains with fruit. Float them like crackers in bowls of milk. Let girls use them in candy making. Let boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

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Every granule has been exploded. Every element is made available as food.

Such things can't be done by any process save Prof. Anderson's. So, as whole grains made wholly digestible, these foods are unique.

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Except in Extreme West

Every month we tell you here the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. We picture the grains in actual size—which is eight times the size of raw grains.

We describe them as best we can—as bubble-like grains, thin, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

But no words or pictures can do justice to Puffed Grains. Whatever you expect, the first taste will surprise you. You'll say we never told you how good these morsels are.

Won't you let the grains themselves tell their story to you? Get a package of each and compare them. Each has a distinct fascination.

Do this to-day. You've missed them long enough.

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New, rich blood is what is most needed in the declining years to keep up energy and vitality. That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a wonderful help in maintaining good health and prolonging life is attested by the writer of this letter.

Mr Stephen J. Leard, North Tryon, P. E. I., writes:—"At seventy-five years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition, losing strength and weight. In that condition I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the box with the roof over my nose. At eighty-one I have an energy which means go, and I am writing this letter so that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine." 50c a box, 6 for $2.50. For sale by all dealers.

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Correspondence

A Broncho Girl

Alberta, July 17, 1914.

Dear Editor—As I have just finished reading the July issue of The Western Home Monthly, I decided to write a few lines.

Hoorah! for who? Why Thistle of course. There are few indeed who would take such a stand for our suffragettes. Ah! course the militants in England certainly do not further the cause by their acting, but we must hope that those who act rightly may succeed. I say, W. A . B. you are "some" farmer. Who would think it, after being an engine-ist. Where did you get the idea of "Banking Account" "Northonia"? The "Bills receivable" must be worth having, that is if we deserve them. Um-um Popsy, will we sign a subscription list to get postage for your letters? Ah, well! answer as many as you can, and forget the rest. Anyone wishing to correspond will find my address with the Editor. Success! you old Western Home Monthly, and good night Broncho.

—Broncho Girlie.

One of the First

Edmonton, Alberta, July 24th, 1914.

Dear Mr. Editor—I am one of your first subscribers, having subscribed at Regina some ten or eleven years ago, and have been taking your paper ever since, and, as a matter of fact, would not be without it. It is a practical home magazine which should be in every home where good literature is appreciated. Although a subscriber for all those years I have never yet written a letter to your correspondence department so I am taking this opportunity and trust you may get a corner for it some time. I am particularly taken up with the letters in the last issue and must commend most heartily the letters of "Thistle," "Nurse," "Topsy" and "Northonia." These letters contain good, sound, common sense, and any of our readers who happen to have overlooked them should make a point to look up this issue again. The former has expressed my own views on woman's suffrage. We of course get all kinds of people even amongst the ladies—God bless them—I certainly feel that the bomb-throwing, window-smashing kind should be dealt with on their merits, but the wives and mothers who keep on minding their own business in a quiet and unassuming manner, why should they be debarred from the polls? "Nurse's" contention is good and we should hear from her again, also "Topsy." "Northonia" places everyday life before us in a clear and vivid business like way Let us so regulate our lives that we may follow out the scripture injunction contained in 2 Tim. 2-15—"Do noble things, not dream them all day long, and so make life, death, and that vast forever one glad sweet song."

Hope I have not worried you Mr. Editor, and thanking you in anticipation. If any of the subscribers wish to write me I shall be delighted to hear from them and will try and reply. In reference to "Moonraker's" letter I would say that if she writes the Department of Education, Regina, Sask., they will be pleased to give her all the necessary information.—Sincerely, Scotty.

Not at all Lonely

Sedalia, Alta., May 24th, 1914

Dear Editor—As it has been nearly two years since I last wrote I thought I would avail myself of the opportunity having a few spare moments to myself. Although having kept silent I have been a very interested reader of the Western Home Monthly and congratulate you on the progress of your magazine, which I think improves yearly. As this is the fourth year that we have been getting it I think I am in a fair position to judge. I also note the great improvement in the correspondents to the column. They seem to be getting on a more substantial basis, and I find their letters educative and enlightening. Yes, I am also a bachelor but not by choice, but I cannot say that I am bothered with loneliness. There is usually too much to attend to on the ranch to get lonely. But I hope in the near future to see the prairies as well settled as our Eastern Provinces, and as "H. S. Lassie" says, "there is always something to learn," which is quite true if one is looking for the learning part. How true the old saying is "they have eyes, but they see not." How many people go through life with their eyes closed, as it were. Who can describe the gorgeousness of a Western sunset, or the sun breaking his first rays of light on the Eastern horizon? It defies description. But some never see the beauties of our great West. I really feel sorry for one who is lonely out here. There is something missing. Yes, we want men and women in this great west. Men who are not afraid to put their shoulder to the wheel and push; women who will stand by them and after the day's toil is ended can cheer them with their smiles. How many do you know that come West and made failures of themselves, who went back and carried disheartening tales of the country, and why? Because they lacked vim. They could sit around and grumble, find fault, but get out and rustle was too much against the grain. Lonesome, did you say? Get busy, the more you let your mind dwell on those things the more morbid you become. Yes, we have noble men and noble women to-day just as many as in our father's time. Women who are toiling along with their husbands, sharing the hardships and trials of a pioneer country, and I am sorry to say some never get even rewarded with a smile. But I must not give you too much of a discourse or some will become wild, but remember boys and men that the most precious gift of God to man is a true-hearted woman. Now I must conclude. I am not really an old bachelor, being early in my twenty's yet, and would like to hear from any that are interested in Western life. Wishing the Editor every success. My address is with the editor.

—I am, as ever, Ontario Lad.

Dear Little Yankee

Alberta, July 17, 1914.

How do, Mr. Editor—Here is a new member. I have taken The Western Home Monthly before, and think it a fine paper. The stories are fine and lots of good advice.

Say! "Miss School Girl" I sure would like to see where you live. I never have been in B. C. I'll bet you can eat all the fruit you want to. That's what I like to do. Good for "Thistle," everybody cheer for "Thistle." I do not see anything good in the breaking and destroying everything in order to get the rights for women. See, the U. S. A. women, they never fought their way to it, but took it easy, and succeeded first. Say! aren't the policemen going right to those militants in England, tho'. Poor things, I kind of pity them when the policemen get their hands on them. Skating is my favorite sport, as well as horse-back riding and playing basket ball. My letter is not very long for the first time, but I will write longer ones when I find a good subject to write about. Good night all you dear little Yankees. My address is with Mr. Editor.

—"Yankee Billy."

Years are Speeding by

Manitoba, July 1st, 1914.

Dear Editor—Well another year has passed in the age of our fair dominion, and one more year begun. A great many things have happened since last Dominion Day; a great many souls gone to the great beyond who were here then, and as I write I just wonder who will be called to go in the next twelve months. It makes one feel sad to think how the years are speeding by toward the end, and yet glad that a veil has been drawn over the future. I often think when I hear folks say of any one who has met with death through accident that "If they had only done or not done so and so," that they would still be alive, that it couldn't have been otherwise than it was, and no one ever died before their time.

Are Your Bowels Ever Constipated

If you wish to be well you must keep the bowels open. Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be attended to at once, for if the bowels cease to work properly, all the other organs become deranged.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills work on the bowels gently and naturally, and will cure the worst cases of Constipation.

Mrs. A. Cumming, Manchester, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled with Constipation for over five years, and I feel it my duty to let you know that your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have cured me. I only used three vials and I can faithfully say that they have saved me from a large doctor bill."

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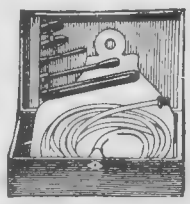

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Thought She Would Lose Her Little Girl

From Severe Attacks of Summer Complaint

Mrs. Wm. Hirst, 194 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto, Ont., writes us under date of January 23rd, 1914.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—"Last summer I had grave anxiety for my little girl, who was just one year old in July last. She had constant and severe attacks of summer complaint, and it seemed to drag on her so long despite the many remedies I tried. My neighbors told me she had grown so weak they thought I would loose her. One night while nursing her an old friend of mine happened to come to see me, and after telling her about my baby's lingering illness she asked me to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I sent a little girl to our drug store and bought a bottle, and after having given the baby one dose I noticed a remarkable change, and after giving her three or four doses she was well again, and began to walk, which she had not been able to do prior to her attack. She is now a fine healthy child, and I owe her life to that kindly advice of an old friend. I would advise all mothers to give "Dr. Fowler's" a prominent place in their medicine chest."

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mrs. Wm. Hirst.

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry see that you get it.

It Has Been on the Market for Nearly Seventy Years. Don't Accept a Substitute.

The price of the original is 35 cents, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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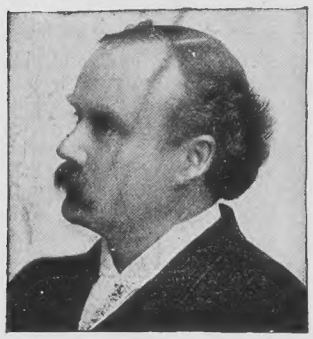
HEAD OINTMENT

CANCER



R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires al lwho suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treament cures external or internal Cancer

R. D. Evans

BRANDON - - MAN

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

We are having very dry hot weather, and the crops are suffering for rain. Well election day is at hand, and I wonder who is going to stand pat for Banish the Bar and all the evils connected with it. The liquor is a terrible curse to this country. Why only yesterday I saw two old men over seventy years of age fighting, the one so intoxicated he could hardly walk, but so aggressive that the other old man had to fight in self defence, while the magistrate and other officers of the law stood by and laughed as though it were a joke, while I think any person of respect would call it a disgrace to any town or community. I hate liquor in any form, and some friends whom I love dearly drink lots of it. I think none the less of the person but hate the liquor more. The tobacco habit is altogether different, it never robs anyone of their senses and very seldom does anyone bodily harm, although it's not a very nice habit. Chewing is certainly a filthy habit and no one dislikes it more than myself; however, it's not to be compared with the drinking habit. Well, all you homesteaders, how are you living these hot days. I'd like to come in and cook dinner for some of you as a sort of surprise party when you came from work. This is the time of year I pity the bachelors, when they work out in the sun all day and then have to come in and make their meals, but if their best girl was worth while she wouldn't allow any such sacrifice, but would want to be one in the hard times, so her claims would count for more when good times came, not money claims but a still more precious claim to the majority of women, the claim to a greater respect and love, and I believe they would get it too, at least for my part I would want to be right in the thick of the battle to make a home for the future. As it is I have no claim on any bachelor, so I can stand off and give all you other folks good advice. "Fido," I'd like to shake hands with you, also "Northonia" for you show good commonsense. Well I must ring off. Hoping to see this in print. I remain as B4, —Sammy.

Alberta to the Front

Alberta June 29, 1914.

Dear Editor—I hope there is a little room left for the newcomer who is anxious to join in the merry crowd.

I just finished reading the correspondence column of the May number and found that there were very few letters from Alberta which was rather hard on my patriotic feelings so I felt myself justified to let the other readers know that we are just as much alive in Alberta, if not more, as they are in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario. What's the matter with you Alberta's beauties and prides, anyway? Cheer up! We mustn't let the Manitobans, etc., crowd us out! No chance! Forward march! I think the women's suffrage is a very up-to-date subject to discuss, so I would like to hear more opinions about it. I, myself, am very much in favor of it, as I think that the woman deserves the right to vote, as she does more than the man in upbuilding the nation. And I don't see why half of the peoople have more right to make the laws to govern the other half. I don't believe that women would neglect their household duties by taking part in politics as it cannot take up so very much time to attend a meeting once in a while, and if men can take the time to do it, why not women?

"Western Sun" wanted girls' opinion of an ideal man. Here's mine:— have your smelling salts handy—I don't like very angelic men with heaps of manners, who would pick up your handkerchief every time you drop it—sometimes on purpose—and keep making all sorts of compliments, etc. He must be a gentleman, religious, healthy, strong, with a home-loving nature, with a good supply of common sense, and well educated. Must not drink, smoke, chew nor gamble. Could be tall, dark, musical, sarcastic and handsome if possible. Last, but not least, must be a farmer! I can't imagine an ideal man in a dingy looking office, pale for the lack of fresh air. "Western Sun" needn't get hot if he doesn't like this description of an ideal man, as this is only my personal opinion; and I dare say there are different opinions of the ideal man. I am a farmer's daughter, and enjoy the farm life immensely; when the work is done there's play. I love music, and I like to play the piano in the twilight, when the moon shines on the keys. Every success to The Western Home Monthly, which it rightly deserves.

—"Suffragette."

An Inspiration to Canada

Winnipeg, July 8th, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your cheery magazine for quite a while but this is my first introduction to our circle. I enjoy reading the correspondence very much, as I think it is most interesting and instructive to compare the ideas and opinions of our readers, and to note the hearty good feeling and co-operation existing between our correspondents in all parts of the Dominion. I am a city girl, transplanted from the Old Country, but infinitely prefer Canada, its opportunities for girls being so much more numerous, and the wages much more adequate than in our home city. I think any girl who tries—I am a business woman myself—can feed and clothe herself, with something over for recreation, and a little besides. Many opinions have been expressed on the suffrage problem and I agree with those in favor of it. I am a great admirer of Mrs. Nellie McClung, and attend her meetings whenever possible. She is an inspiration for Western Canada, and a talk of hers should convince the most thoughtless opponent. As for idealism in mankind, that is carrying the theory too far. A happy medium is as much as anyone expects. Hoping someone will be kind enough to write to me, and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success. My address is with the Editor. I remain,

—"A City Boarder."

Which is the Best

Ormiston, Sask., June 26, 1914.

To the Editor of The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Editor—Can you spare a little space in your columns for a newcomer. I am neither a homesteader nor a bachelor. The fact is I am not old enough to be one. I am living with my parents, and my father has a homestead. I am just a new subscriber to the W. H. M. and I like it fine. I enjoy reading the stories very much, and I always read the correspondence columns first of all. I am not much of a philosopher on any subject, but I will say I can quite agree with "Bismark" about knowing how to cook. A good meal is better than all the Persian styles, still I like a girl who is neat and shows taste in her clothing. Now girls hurry up and let us see what you can do. I won't say much about myself except that I am a tetotaller, and don't use tobacco. There is one thing I would like to hear the other readers' opinion on, and that is: which is the best—married life or bachelor life? I think being a crusty old hack is all right for a while, but there comes a time when man becomes dissatisfied and wants a companion in his home. I had better stop before my letter gets too long. I will be glad to answer any letters if anyone should care to write.

—Bookworm.

Work Wanted

Toronto, June, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your paper for this three years and enjoy it very much. I thought I would write and see if any of the readers know of any work I could get. I have two girls, one eight and the other three. It is awful hard to get work down here, so if any of the readers know of any place would they please write and I would be so thankful. Wishing you all good luck this fall, I remain,

A Lonely Widow

To keep celery fresh and crisp strip the celery from the stalk and wash it thoroughly in cold water, clipping off the tops and otherwise preparing it as if for immediate use (plain) on the table.

Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palatable to children, who show no hesitancy in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm troubles to an end. They are a strengthening and stimulating medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that the worms cause and imparting a healthy tone to the system most beneficial to development.

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Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the system of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Woman and the Home

Love Lightens Labor

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to make, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens knew what good wives know,
They would not hurry to wed!"

"Jennie, what think you I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
As his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and, stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"it was this, that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day;
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea.
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.
"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, we know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled;
To herself she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It isn't strange that maidens will wed!"

What Home Economics Mean

A large amount of money is spent yearly in order to place farming on a scientific basis. No one questions the wisdom of such expenditure. Thoughtful persons are realizing also the necessity of spending money in teaching women the science of homemaking, in order to increase human efficiency. They are realizing the importance of woman's work and the desirability of standardizing it so that her time and effort may be used economically.

Agriculture is the science, or the meeting point of many sciences, treating directly and indirectly of animal welfare. Home economics is also the meeting-point of many sciences, often identical with those of agriculture, but it applies their principles to the more important phases of human welfare. It includes a study of foods, their selection, and their preparation; the relation that right diet bears to the health of the body and to the development and efficiency of the individual; conditions of living necessary to insure health and efficiency; intelligent use of income in procuring food, shelter, and clothing; principles of art as applied to decoration of house and of person; social and industrial forces that govern the home and its activities; the child, and conditions that control its inheritance and environment.

Men are interested in the production of raw material; women, in the use of that material. Farmers strive to produce good wheat, corn, and other farm products; women must endeavor to use these products aright. A balance in products is not being maintained if men are educated so as to obtain the best products while women remain ignorant of the principles underlying their use.

There are excellent cooks, it is true, who have never studied chemistry and who know nothing of the physiological needs of the body; but, important as is good cooking to the welfare and happiness of the family, it is only one phase of woman's important work. Women should know the use and the place of foods in the dietary; the comparative value of a food element as it occurs in one food or another; the relation of cooking to digestion; the dietary needs of man, woman, and child; the principles of bread-making, meat and vegetable cooking, canning and preserving. In other words, women should know not only how to cook and what to cook, but also what to omit from the dietary.

A woman needs to know the relation of germ life to disease, of cleanliness to health and well-being; the physiological needs of the body for fresh air, clean water, wholesome food, sunshine, exercise, and rest: the management of the income in the buying of food, shelter, and clothing; the principles of art as they apply to the artistic arrangement of furnishings and wearing apparel; the characteristics and values of fabrics, and how to distinguish those goods that are genuine from those that are not; the relation of consumer to producer and of employer to employee; the needs of the house as a workshop wherein the time and energy of the worker have a market value; the maintenance of proper standards of living as indicated by wise expenditures.

With the prospect of obtaining scientific training in agriculture the boy may attend an agricultural college; and in like manner opportunity for special training in home-making should be the privilege of every girl. If boys in the family were trained for the work of life and girls continued without educational stimulus, a new social problem would soon be presented. In the resulting civilization the majority of men would understand the handling of machines, business management, and the culture and breeding of plants and animals; while the women would not understand the scientific management of the home or the principles of human nurture and breeding. A study of social and biological sciences with emphasis on the needs of the human being will undoubtedly help to make a better and more efficient race, and will serve to complement the endeavors of those who are perfecting the raw materials.

It is often asked, "Why should home economics (domestic science) be taught in the schools? Why should not the daughter learn from her mother what she needs to know about housekeeping?" The answer to such a question is the same as the answer to a similar question: "Why cannot the farmer give his son all the instruction that he needs in order to make him a good farmer?" Agriculture and home economics embrace subjects founded on science. The mother can teach her daughter to cook, but she may not be able to teach her how she can plan a balanced meal; why the fruit spoils, or the bread does not rise; why the baby of five months should not eat bananas; why last winter's green dress has turned yellow; why she dislikes the new wall paper; how she can design an artistic, inexpensive dress, or rightly furnish and decorate a room. As the young person studies grammar, arithmetic, and history at school, so should she study also the subjects of home economics, because they are founded on a scientific basis and demand definite and systematic study.

Many mothers have a thorough knowledge of grammar and arithmetic and still prefer for their daughters the organized instruction of the schoolroom. Mothers may likewise have a thorough knowledge of home economics and, if possible, should teach their daughters to cook and to sew; yet they may appreciate the advantage of obtaining such education in a well-organized institution.

Home economics should find its way into the curriculum of every school, because the scientific study of a problem pertaining to food, shelter, or clothing—whether the baking of a loaf of bread, the washing of dishes, the planning of a more convenient kitchen, or the making of a well-fitting kitchen apron—raises manual labor that might be drudgery to the plane of intelligent effort that is always self-respecting.

Young persons often dislike a task exceedingly because they see no reason for it and have not learned the rhythm of the homely duty. It represents distressing monotony to them. When they are given a reason for its performance and are shown its rhythm, they find pleasure in the task once so distasteful. By right training, therefore, the tasks of the household may be lifted to a place of dignified effort.

Not long ago a woman was seated at a luncheon prepared by a class in home economics. She had been graduated from a normal school, had received a college degree, had taught for several years, and finally had given up her professional work in order to be married. As she sat at the table and saw the ease and simplicity of the service and the interest of the young women assisting, she said very wistfully, "Oh! I wish I knew how to keep house; but you see I have never had time to learn, for I have been in school all my life." That young woman is one of many who make the same complaint. It is a travesty on our system of education for women to stand thus helpless before the task of home-making, which sooner or later the majority of them will assume.

The wealth of a nation is said to be its life, and life begins in the home. Women are the mothers of the race and the entire subject of home economics centers around the child. Life means not merely thought for the material comforts of to-day, not transient happiness for the individual, but intelligent consideration of posterity, of the happiness and welfare of children.

How will the human race be affected if the mothers are left untrained?—From "The Cornell Reading Course."

Verandah Cafe, "Empress of Asia," C.P.R. Pacific Service

The Favorite Ages Of Women

It may seem strange that women have preferences for particular ages. An inspection of the census, however, leaves no room for doubt that certain years are preferred, and certain other years disliked, by the members of the gentler sex. Here are some interesting figures:

The number of females in the United States is nearly two millions less than the number of males.

Of children fourteen years and under, the number of boys is nearly four hundred thousand greater than the number of girls; at fifteen the boys are still six thousand ahead of the girls; at sixteen tb girls are six thousand the more numerous; and each year thereafter, until the twenty-fourth, there is an excess of women over men. The favorite ages within these limits are eighteen and twenty. There are twenty-four thousand more misses of eighteen than there are boys of that age, and the young ladies twenty years old exceed their masculine companions by fifty-four thousand. The total number of girls and young women between fifteen and twenty-four years of age exceeds the number of boys and men of the same age by nearly eighty thousand. At twenty-four and twenty-five the numbers of the two sexes are nearly equal. Then the women begin to grow less with great rapidity. The most unpopular ages are thirty and forty. At the former age there is a difference of seventy-eight thousand between the two sexes; at the latter, eighty-three thousand.

One peculiar circumstance is that there are more women twenty years old than there are girls of thirteen or fourteen, or any age up to twenty. This fact conclusively demonstrates that twenty is a very healthful age. But if the younger ages are unhealthy where did the increased number who are twenty years old come from? No women are born that old. Does immigration account for the difference? However that may be, the excess does not seem to be permanent, for from twenty-five onward there is a constant failure of the women to equal the men, until the sixtieth year is reached, when the difference is reduced to three thousand. At seventy the women are more in number, and at seventy-five they again take the lead and keep it every year thenceforth until the centenarians end the list.

Only an unusually elastic theory can account for these peculiarities with becoming gallantry to the lovelier sex.

To avoid the necessity of laundering an otherwise perfectly clean tablecloth because of the accidental fruit stain: Carefully slip a folded towel between cloth and table padding, and on this towel place an empty bowl, having the stain directly over the bowl. Pour boiling water through the stain until it fades away. Now remove the bowl, lay another towel over the wet place and iron with a hot iron until nearly dry. Carefully slip out the under towel and pass the iron again over the cloth for a few times. Your cloth will be as fresh as ever, without having been wrinkled or removed from the table.

My small son outgrows his suits so quickly that I have to put deep tucks under the hems of his waists. I have learned to do this with very fine thread—I use ninety—because when it is necessary to let out the tuck a quick pull will break the thread without injuring the cloth. It is much quicker to take out such a tuck than it is one put in with heavier thread, in which case the threads must be drawn as they cannot be broken.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

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THIS is a clean cut business announcement that anyone can understand. It means that every price quoted in our catalogue is the cost of the article, with all charges prepaid, delivered free to your nearest Express or Post Office. It means that when you order any goods from our catalogue you know just exactly what they are going to cost you even before you order. It permits of absolutely no deception and, in our opinion, is the only fair way to deal with out-of-town customers.

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The reason that we are able to offer the very remarkable values contained in our catalogue, is that we do business in an economical manner.

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WE GIVE SPLENDID SERVICE

Not only has our simplified method greatly reduced the cost of doing business, but it has also greatly reduced the time required to fill orders. In almost every case we ship all goods on the same day that the order is received. Usually where there are delays, the delays are due to getting for our customers goods that we do not catalogue. We are quite sure, however, that our mail order friends will overlook delays of this kind.

Furthermore, our simplified methods prevent many of the annoying mistakes that occur in Mail Order houses that do business in the old fashioned way. As a matter of fact, we have yet to hear of a single instance where one of our customers got the wrong goods.

Then, being a purely catalogue house, we devote our entire attention to the needs of out-of-town customers who send us orders.

HERE IS A STRIKING VALUE

From cover to cover our catalogue is filled with wonderful values. We select this one merely to show what may be expected in this very interesting little book of ours.

Then again, this is the season of the year when women buy suits.

This suit, though exceptionally low priced, has a very stylish appearance. It is made of fine quality cheviot. The tailoring and finish is equal in every respect to that found on higher priced garments. The notch collar of the coat and the back are trimmed with braid ornaments. The coat is lined with a fine quality silk serge that will give splendid wear. The arm holes are protected with shields. The skirt has the popular Russian Tunic effect with box pleat in front.

1 W 34—Women's fine quality cheviot suit, colors, Black or Navy. Bust size 32 to 44; Waist sizes, 23 to 30; lengths, 37 to 42.

(In ordering be sure to state size and color.)

Price, delivered to your nearest Express or Post Office..... $10.95

If you have not already had a copy of our Fall and Winter catalogue, drop us a card and we will send you one by return mail.

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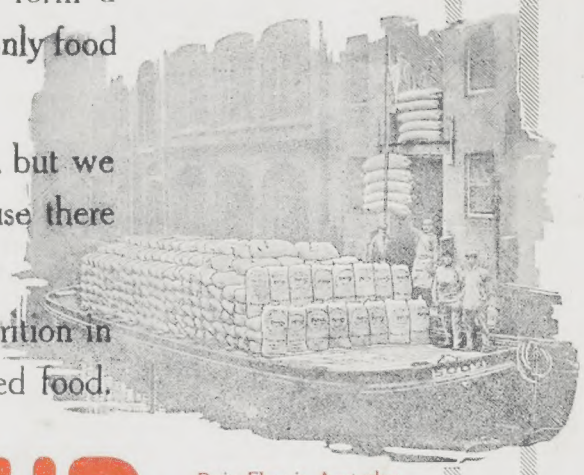
FLOUR--The Universal Food

¶ White Flour is actually the Staff of Life. Millions of people scattered over the earth make bread their staple food.

¶ While meat, vegetables, eggs and dairy produce form a considerable part of our diet, yet BREAD is the only food of which we do not tire.

¶ We frequently vary our meat and vegetable diet, but we never change from bread to something else, because there is NO SUBSTITUTE for bread.

¶ White Flour contains the various elements of nutrition in proper proportion. It is therefore an ideal, balanced food.



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PURITY FLOUR
More Bread and Better Bread

is milled from selected western hard wheat under modern sanitary conditions. It is oven-tested at the mill. Every possible means is taken by grain buyer, chemist and miller to render **PURITY** uniform in quality and in baking strength.

¶ **PURITY** is "strong" flour. It absorbs a great deal of water—water does not cost anything. Many housewives have found that **PURITY** goes farther because of this fact.

¶ If you do not find **PURITY** to be better than the "other kind" of flour, return the unused portion to your grocer and he will cheerfully refund the money.

Purity Flour in Bermuda

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